David Rogers

THE

VAGABOND,

A NOVEL.

VOL. II.

THE

VAGABOND,

A NOVEL,

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

BY

GEORGE WALKER.

DEDICATED TO THE

LORD BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

Third Edition, with Notes.

Τὸ δικαιον ἴσον ἀλλα μὴ τὸ ἴσον, δεῖν ποιεῖσθαι δίκαιον.

Whatever is juſt, is equal; but whatever is equal is not always juſt. PLUTARCH.

The wayward nature of the time, and the paramount neceſſity of ſecuring to this kingdom her political and religious exiſtence, and the rights of ſociety, have urged me to this endeavour to preſerve them, by a diſintereſted appeal to my countrymen. PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

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THE

VAGABOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE VAGABOND CONCLUDES HIS STORY—THE EFFECTS OF REFORMATION IN A COUNTRY PARISH—THE VAGABOND'S REASONS IN FAVOUR OF SEDUCTION.

ON the following day I ſtopped a poſt-chaiſe in a croſs road, which contained two ladies, and was driven by a

lad. One of the women fainted away, and the other was exceſſively frightened. I took nothing but her purſe, informing her, that ſhe miſtook, if ſhe ſuppoſed me a common robber; for, though I was willing to equaliſe property, I did not wiſh to monopoliſe. So ſaying, I quitted her, that ſhe might aſſiſt her inſenſible companion.

I could not but execrate the whole ſyſtem of female education, which thus enervates the human body; it being an eternal fact, that were women educated to all the exerciſes of men, and, as my dear Mary uſed to ſay, ſo mingled with the world, that every action would be performed promiſcuouſly, (ſex out of the queſtion) we ſhould not have women fainting on ſudden emergencies, and as imbecile as infants.

What a glorious thing would it be, if the whole female ſex would emanci-

pate themſelves from thoſe tyrants the men, and enter equally into every concern of life! We ſhould then no longer admire a beautiful idiot, but value them according to their mental charms and perſonal prowefs. It would alſo be a very great advantage in the article of love, it being no inconſiderable trouble to a philoſophical mind to bend to all the frivolities of declaring a paſſion.

By the exertions of my independent principles, I acquired a ſufficient ſubſiſtence; but I always made it a rule never to put in my claim to a part of the univerſal ſtock, till neceſſity (which has no law) in ſome ſort compelled me. It was on one of thoſe occaſions I had the good fortune to meet with you, and I only lament that the immortal Stupeo was killed with a muſket bullet.

'I lament too,' ſaid Doctor Alogos;

'I ſhould have delighted in the converſation of ſo great a man, who has introduced ſo enlightened a pupil to the world. But let us now retire to reſt; the clock has ſtruck three, and tomorrow we will diſcourſe further.' So ſaying, they ſeparated for the night: Frederick rejoicing that he had at length found a man illuminated with the irradiating principles of the new philoſophy; which he the more wondered at, conſidering the Doctor's *property*, for he had found the pupils of the new ſchool, in general, a little ſhort in financial affairs.

The next morning the company met to breakfaſt. Laura was extremely lovely; and the eyes of the philoſopher frequently repeated the obſervation. Suſan ſat down familiarly to breakfaſt with them; and the luxury of the times was ably deſcanted upon.

Tea and chocolate, new bread and freſh butter, with a reliſh of cold ham and eggs, compoſed the breakfaſt of theſe practical philoſophers.

'Luxury,' cried Doctor Alogos at every mouthful, 'will be the bane of this country; every thing riſes to ſo enormous a price, that a poor man cannot abſolutely get an exiſtence; we ſhall be ſtarved!'

'Tis a dreadful thing to think of it,' ſaid Frederic; 'I have often conſidered what could occaſion ſuch a riſe in meat, for inſtance; formerly we uſed to have the beſt beef at one penny a pound, and now it is ſixpence.'

'I apprehend,' ſaid Laura, 'that there are two reaſons: the increaſed conſumption, and the increaſed quantity of money. Formerly, a farmer,

before he killed an ox, had to contract with so many families as could purchase the whole, not being able to place a dependance on chance custom; a fact that must give the lie to the tales of some people, who would make us believe that day-labourers fed upon roasted beef.'

'You are a little perverse jade,' said the Doctor, 'to dare contradict a man like me. Pray, how should you know what used to be, who have not yet seen eighteen summers?—You are a moth in the creation yet. I insist upon it that our peasants are starved and famished:—Are not potatoes and bacon half their support?—Answer that.'

The Doctor enjoyed the triumph of rhetoric over common sense; but Laura, with becoming deference, replied, that it might be true, but that was even better than skimmed milk and oat-meal

meal cake, which was formerly the general food, with a change of barley and rye. 'The people of England, then,' said she, 'were subject to leprosy and cutaneous diseases, which have vanished since the introduction of tea. I grant that they live hard; but it is what they have ever done; and were it possible for them to see the peasants of other countries, they would rejoice at being people of England. Not to mention the powers of life and death, possessed by most landed gentlemen on the Continent, let us look at the Eastern nations, whose lower orders live upon nothing but rice; and particularly the Chinese, supposed, in the Annual Register for 1789, to contain *two hundred millions* of people, whose lower orders, in-land, taste nothing but rice and water, and on the sea-coast a little fish.'

'Rice and fish!' said the Doctor, 'I am perſuaded they are both primitive diſhes. Rice is the food of more than half the human ſpecies, and ſavages on the ſea-coaſts univerſally eat fiſh. I am determined my table ſhall be furniſhed with theſe productions of all-provident nature; and ſuppoſe, for the ſecond courſe, you give us a brace of roaſt capons and a few tartlets.'

'For my part,' ſaid Frederick, laying a ſlice of ham on his bread and butter, and putting three lumps of ſugar into his cup of chocolate, 'it is to me a matter of the greateſt indifference what I eat; I eat merely becauſe it is right to eat for the keeping our bodies in order. A family phyſician proves, that one half the neceſſity of eating is to diſtend the inteſtines; for which purpoſe, any farinaceous paſte is ſufficient; and I have an intention to

try

try a pudding of *marble flour*; for, if this proves true, what great exploits may be performed without the trouble of carrying bread!'

'For heaven's ſake!' ſaid Laura, laughing, 'forego the experiment, or the images of Jupiter and Juno, in the garden, will be made into haſty-pudding; and the arm of Venus will have as much temptation as an haunch of veniſon.'

After breakfaſt, the Doctor requeſted Frederick to walk in his garden, and help him to weed ſome beds of herbs.

'Do you think,' ſaid Frederick, 'after what I have told you, that I will degrade my dignity by a menial employ? that I will become a ſlave to till the ground?'

'No,' replied the Doctor; 'you are a philosopher: I do not propose to you any such thing; but husbandry is a primitive art, and no disgrace when practised for exercise. I propose that we shall live together on a footing of equality, and that we shall endeavour to enlighten the people in our neighbourhood, erecting to ourselves a little republic.'

'The idea is grand and noble,' cried Frederick: 'had we Stupeo here, his whole soul would enter into the subject. Let us begin this very day—only let me observe, I will be entirely independent.'

'Of course,' said the Doctor.—'Though I very much fear we shall never bring them to the standard of nature. This island is the sink of slavery. The very elements won't let the people go naked like the Indians of

of America. What ſhall we do firſt towards bringing about the freedom of man?'

'The firſt great action to be performed, is to convince them of their wrongs—to ſhew them they ought to govern the ſtate; and that, if they do not recover their rights, they will be ſtarved and enſlaved; and that all diſtinctions are badges of tyranny, and not rewards of merit.'

'But in that point,' ſaid the Doctor, 'it appears to me cheaper to beſtow titles and ribbons than penſions—if there were no titles, the penſion-liſt muſt increaſe.'

'And ſuppoſe it did,' cried Frederick, 'a'n't we going to do away all profits and rewards? Every man ſhould labour for the reſulting good.'

'Right, right,' anſwered the Doctor. 'But ſhould we not ſay ſomething on the article of marriage? We ſhall never introduce real liberty till we can do away that Gothic barbarity. There's Suſan, a good deſerving creature, juſt ſuch another as Rouſſeau's Tereſa: to own the truth, we, that is, ſhe and I——You underſtand me—but the opinions of the world have hitherto prevented my living with her in a manner congenial to my wiſhes, and as nature and reaſon point out.'

'Hear,' ſaid Frederick, 'the ſentiments of the great philoſopher Stupeo: When the diſtinctions of ſociety ſhall be confounded, and men ſhall ceaſe to appropriate a whole female to themſelves—*two* men might eaſily enjoy *one* woman, becauſe it would be *her company* they deſired, and the *ſenſual* gratification would be conſidered as a trifle. *Reaſonable* men will propagate their

their ſpecies; not becauſe a certain pleaſure is annexed to this action, but becauſe it is *right* the ſpecies ſhould be propagated, and the *manner* in which they exerciſe this function will be regulated by the dictates of reaſon and duty. It cannot definitively be affirmed, in ſuch a ſtate of ſociety, who is the father of the child; but it is of *no conſequence.* I ought to prefer *no* human being to another becauſe that being is my father, my wife, or my ſon*.'

'What a glorious doctrine!' cried Alogos: 'one might then have as many concubines and children as they could procure. This very reaſon alone ought to make us deteſt monarchical government, where what is called ſacred engagements are obliged to be in ſome ſort preſerved. I will, this very day,

* Godwin's Political Juſtice, 4to. page 852.

tell

tell the world that I diſregard its prejudices, and Suſan ſhall appear in her proper character.'

Poor Suſan, who was an ignorant, vulgar girl, was ſo intoxicated with the elevation from the cookery, that ſhe reſolved to exert the inborn Rights of Women, diſdaining any longer to ſuperintend the kitchen; and the Doctor frequently curſed ſociety, which had introduced luxurious diſhes.

Mean-while theſe two great men exerted their endeavours to reform the pariſhioners, and it was not long before the excellent effects of their doctrines became viſible. The churches, thoſe temples of prieſtcraft and ignorance, were ſoon left without viſitors; and even the elocution of a popular preacher could not aſſemble an audience.

The two philoſophers rejoiced at this dawn

dawn of reaſon, and, the better to *ſpread* the truth, erected a large barn into a Hall of Reaſon, where they undertook alternately to read moral lectures.—Frederick there clearly proved that all religion was the offſpring of ignorance, reſulting from ideas, mingled with impreſſions, mingled with realities; and that the firſt idea of a Deity was taken from a howling wind on a ſtormy night; ſo that, if he did not convince, he confounded his hearers. He, however, proved beyond a doubt, that religion was not of the ſmalleſt benefit to mankind. ' 'Tis true,' ſaid he, in one of his lectures, ' that *architecture* was firſt carried beyond the unpoliſhed beam, and the unſhapen ſtone, by the enthuſiaſm of people to honour an unknown Deity; but could any thing be more abſurd than to raiſe great piles of magnificence to nobody knew who? And what was the conſequence? Why, the

the great men then would have great houſes, and no longer live, as they uſed to do, in hovels of mud. 'Tis true that *aſtronomy* was firſt ſtudied for the ſake of tracing the power of God in the creation; but what has been the reſult? We have learnt to traverſe the ocean, and ſend people from Europe to tyranniſe over the people of Africa. Religion indeed gave birth to all the *arts and ſciences*, becauſe it was ſuppoſed the Architect of worlds muſt delight in grandeur, and every coſtly ornament was deemed too little an offering to his abode. But, in my opinion, this would better have been given to the ſtarving poor—no doubt the prieſts had their tithes out of it. (Here a loud burſt of applauſe broke forth.) It is in vain to ſay that monks have been the preſervers of *literature*; for, at the time they promoted it, they had no intention to benefit mankind, and it is the intention

tention which makes the merit. You are told that religion teaches ſocial duties; that it is wrong to injure your neighbour, for you ſhall be hereafter puniſhed. Who told you all this? A parcel of prieſts, whom you pay to hold you in darkneſs. Are you to believe them, or I who inſtruct you for nothing? I tell you then that there are no future rewards and puniſhments. I am certain no man can prove that there are; and if you read the great book of Nature, it does not ſay a word about it. That's the book you ought to ſtudy, and burn your Bibles, if you would enjoy the world without thoſe ſhocking reflections about fire and brimſtone.'

Moral lectures like theſe could not but influence the minds of the country people, who wondered they had been ſo long impoſed upon. The Curate was under the neceſſity of ſuing for the tithes,

tithes, and the parſonage was threatened with deſtruction.

Corn had been dear and ſcarce, owing to a wet ſeaſon; and to render it cheap, a mob of patriots burnt down ſeveral ſtacks and barns, for which one was hanged, and three tranſported.

The Principles of Univerſal Equality, and The Catechiſm of Nature, the one written by Frederick, and the other by Doctor Alogos, were printed and diſtributed gratis. The public-houſes had each a club, where the newſpapers were ſubſcribed for, politics diſcuſſed, and ale conſumed with genuine liberty; by which means thoſe heretofore-ignorant people became *warm advocates* for freedom, and declaimed about the inborn reaſon of the human ſoul, till all reaſon was ſuſpended in hilarity, and the whole company *levelled* to a ſtate of *ſwiniſh equality*.

They

They now clearly perceived that the times were the worſt that ever Old England had witneſſed; for they every day found themſelves leſs able to maintain their families; and ſo far from being capable to pay their rents, they had ſcarcely money ſufficient to ſupport the club, on which depended the ſalvation of their country.

In vain the gentlemen of the pariſh endeavoured to ſtay this torrent of philoſophy. Man only requires to be told his rights to know them. The young men, copying the example of Doctor Alogos, were not to be bubbled out of a fee by the prieſts, and the wives became what is vulgarly called lazy and ſlovenly, but which, in the language of refined philoſophy, is independent, and ſuperior to prejudice.

Things proceeded thus admirably in a pariſh, where, but a little time before, all

all had gone on in the old track, where contented and ignorant families depended on their own labour, and were ſo proud of the childiſh title of Engliſhmen, that they deteſted a work-houſe ſo long as health and ſtrength remained. But now they ſaw clearly, that, according to the *Rights of Man*, every one had a juſt demand for ſupport from the community after a certain age, and therefore to work for a rainy day was as abſurd as it was old.

The poor-rates multiplied ſo faſt upon thoſe who ſtill continued to ſupport the Gothic prejudices of their anceſtors, that ſeveral heretofore flouriſhing families were obliged to quit the pariſh, and their farms remained unoccupied.

Frederick, in the mean time, had endeavoured to cultivate the affections of Laura; but though he gained upon her

her heart, her head refiſted all the arguments of his philoſophy. It was in vain he traduced the cuſtom of marriage; ſhe remained wedded to the blind principles in which ſhe had been educated. 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'were I to become your *companion*, or that of any other man, when I ſhall perhaps be ſurrounded with two or three children, a moment's diſguſt may leave me without a partner. Till it is the faſhion for men to maintain the children of others, no woman in her ſenſes would permit the paſſion of a man unmarried, becauſe, though he could range and ſelect another, ſhe muſt remain forlorn and abandoned.'

'The ſuppoſition,' ſaid Frederick, 'that I muſt have a companion for life, is the reſult of a complication of vices: it is the dictate of cowardice, and not of fortitude: it flows from a deſire of being loved and eſteemed for ſomething

ſomething that is not deſert. The inſtitution of marriage is a *ſyſtem of fraud*, and men who *carefully miſlead* their judgments in the daily affairs of their life, will always have a crippled judgment in every other concern.—Marriage is law, and the *worſt of all laws*. Whatever our underſtandings may tell us of the perſon from whoſe connection we ſhould derive the greateſt improvement, of the worth of one woman, and the demerits of another, we are obliged to conſider what is law, and not what is juſtice. *So long as I ſeek to engroſs one woman to myſelf, and prohibit my neighbour from proving his ſuperior deſerts, and reaping the fruits of it, I am guilty of the moſt odious of all monopolies**.'

'Do you wiſh me,' ſaid Laura, 'to

* After ſuch a ſentence as this, which is in Godwin's Political Juſtice, 4to. page 851, the reader will not accuſe the author of exaggerating facts.

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you ſpeak ſeriouſly? You are dreaming, Frederick, or you are mad, or worſe. To ſay nothing of the *moral* turpitude of ſuch infamous and *brothel* doctrines, I ſhould like to know if there is one ſingle republican in the kingdom, who, however he might wiſh to indulge *himſelf* in ſuch licence, would permit his mother, his wife, his ſiſter, or his daughter, to live promiſcuouſly like beaſts of the field?'

'And are men not by nature brutes, as the mighty Rouſſeau has proved to a demonſtration?'

'Let us take it ſo,' ſaid Laura with a ſigh: 'what will be the reſult? We ſhould ſee half a dozen throats cut for a pretty woman, for then the law would be no check on licentious appetites. But, Sir, reflect if what I ſay be not true. Your reformers *in general* are men

men of broken fortune, fiery paſſions, or eccentric diſpoſitions. You would caſt aſide reſtraint, becauſe you are too great tyrants yourſelves to ſubmit to the government of others; as, for inſtance, Doctor Alogos was one of the beſt tempered, humane men in the world, till he took to theſe whims from the loſs of a law-ſuit; and now, though he is always telling us we are ſlaves, and have as much right as the men to every freedom, yet, if every article in the houſe, to the ſmalleſt trifle, is not in exact order, we hear nothing but execrations, which once he was afraid to utter. But, in the preſent caſe, I do ſincerely believe, that thoſe men who preach up promiſcuous intercourſe of ſex do it merely to cover their own depraved deſires, and avoid the ſtigma of the world by rendering it common.'

'I am very ſorry,' ſaid Frederick, 'that you argue as if you had never heard

heard the great doctrines of philosophy. Had you heard my Mary on this subject! persuasion hung upon her tongue, and the self-demonstrated axioms of moral science flowed from her lips. 'It is difficult to recommend any thing to indiscriminate adoption, contrary to the established rules and prejudices of mankind; but certainly nothing can be so ridiculous upon the face of it, or so contrary to the *genuine march* of sentiment, as to require the overflowing of the soul to wait upon a ceremony, and that which, wherever delicacy and imagination exist, is of all things most sacredly private, to blow *a trumpet* before it, and to record the moment when it has arrived at its climax*."

'Excellent!'

* Memoirs of Mrs. Woolstonecraft Godwin. A Democratic Review says, my treatment of Mrs. Godwin, in these volumes, *is brutal*. If repeating verbatim her own sentiments be brutality, then am I guilty.

'Excellent!' cried Laura, breaking into a laugh; 'this is ſheer bombaſt, and putting into hyperbolic language what might have been ſaid in ſimple words. Can any thing be more *impudent* than for a woman to *marry*, becauſe by marrying ſhe tells the world that ſhe has conformed to its cuſtoms in following the purpoſe of her creation? Whereas, if ſhe deſpiſed all its rules, trampled down thoſe barriers to luſt, modeſty, and morality, and became a *proſtitute*, ſhe is *modeſt* in extreme, becauſe ſhe did not tell the world before-hand ſhe was going to be ruined. With regard to the trumpet and the climax, it is not a practice in our country, where marriages are frequently performed with that decent ſecrecy which eludes even the queſtions of friendſhip.'

I guilty. But if they mean that ſuch ſentiments brutaliſe a woman, I cannot help that.

'There is no reaſoning with women,' cried Frederick in a pet; 'they have no ſouls capable of receiving the new light of irradiating ſcience, which is breaking through the miſts of ſuperſtition and ignorance. How few are like my Mary, free in thought and in action! She was a wonderful woman, and deſpiſed the jeſts of the world: ſhe knew, that in reality there was no difference of ſex in ſouls, but that education made women fools and idiots.'

'You have often,' ſaid Laura, 'talked to me in this ſtrain; you have told me that women are no otherwiſe inferior to men than by education; but to me there appears an humbling difference.—Have they not to bear and bring children into the world? Are they not then tied down to the routine of a nurſery? Are not all their employ-

ments neceſſarily domeſtic? And does not Nature ſeem to have pointed to this end in the diſpoſition of their frame?—Men, in all countries, take upon them the ruder employments, and it is only an eccentric ſoul that would wiſh, in the frenzy of imagination, to blend the ſexes.'

'But women, with their preſent *weakneſs of intellect*, are not capable of teaching children their duties and rational philoſophy.'

'I will quote you a paſſage,' ſaid Laura, 'from a droll book of reveries my uncle lately bought, called The Rights of Women. In page 148, I believe you will find theſe words:—'The management of the temper, the firſt and moſt important branch of education, requires the *ſober, ſteady eye of reaſon*: a plan of conduct equally diſtant

diſtant from tyranny and indulgence. I have followed this train of reaſoning much further, till I have concluded that a *perſon of genius is the moſt improper perſon* to be employed in education, either private or public.' From this quotation we may infer two concluſions: — Firſt, that a perſon of *genius* poſſeſſes not the *ſteady, ſober eye of reaſon*, and therefore all your pretended philoſophers, reformers, and men of profound genius, have not one jot of reaſon, conſequently are *fools*. Secondly, allowing women to be pretty idiots, they are the moſt proper to give education, and the leſs genius they poſſeſs, the greater is their qualification: and indeed I might draw a third inference, that perſons writing palpable contradictions are unworthy notice on either ſide.'

'Oh!' cried Frederick, 'were the great Stupeo here, he would bring

arguments that would incontrovertibly prove——'

'Prove what?' ſaid Laura: 'prove himſelf a greater fool than his pupil.'

'No,' cried Frederick,' prove that you are the charmingeſt pretty idiot in the world.'

Thus the great copyiſt of one of the greateſt philoſophers that have glittered in the eighteenth century deſcended from the pinnacle of intellect to tell a girl what her glaſs told her every morning. But, as Voltaire has admirably proved, by a few arguments, in about a hundred different places, and Rouſſeau demonſtrated by practice with the idiot Tereſa, it is a fact, that great heroes, great poets, great philoſophers, metaphyſicians, and ballad-makers, have all become fools to pleaſe fooliſh women.

CHAPTER

2

CHAPTER II.

REASONS FOR PEOPLING THE WORLD —SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME— THE CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY IN DISAPPOINTMENT — THE IMMUTABILITY OF TRUTH.

FREDERICK was difcompofed beyond the dignity of a philofopher at the perverfenefs of Laura: he began almoft to think that women were beings made exprefsly for the pleafures of men, a gilded toy, which a great metaphyfician

and philoſopher might condeſcend to play with when he quitted the Hall of Contemplation, and ventured from the paths of intellectual rambling to the groſs pavement of life.

His mind was perpetually bent upon the great work of reformation, and the perfection of juriſprudence, *except* when he muſed upon the pretty lip of Laura, which frequently dimpled with an inimitable ſmile, and that ſmile was not the vacant ſmile of childiſhneſs — it was a ſmile of meaning, expreſſive of ſome fine ſenſation of mind, brightening the whole countenance, and lighting the eye with the intelligence of good ſenſe.

'I know not,' ſaid he to himſelf, as he rambled over the fields, 'what to make of this girl; ſhe reaſons as if ſhe had reaſon, but it is quite in the old ſtyle. What is this love? What would my dear

dear Stupeo define it? A paſſion, that, like an optic glaſs, inverts its object.—Ah! now I am ſatisfied ſhe does not in reality poſſeſs any good quality: it is my paſſion which deceives me, and ſhe is no more an angel than the reſt of her ſex. All her virtues are only like colours in objects, merely rays preſſed in different angles upon the eye. She herſelf is a blank, a mere white ſheet of paper; and it remains for me to ſtamp upon her any character I pleaſe. As to beauty—what is beauty? Aſk a negro of Guinea what is beauty, the ſupremely beautiful, the Το καλον (to kalon), he will anſwer you, a greaſy black ſkin, hollow eyes, and a flat noſe. Conſult the philoſophers, they will tell you ſome unintelligible jargon for anſwer—they muſt have ſomething correſpondent to beauty in the abſtract.'

Having thus used the light of human reason in rational argument, Frederick determined that Laura must and should be his, not for his own sake, but for the promotion of freedom, and the *spread of the truth.*

'It is the universal good and greatest resulting benefit we are ever to have in view,' continued he: 'all the great men of the eighteenth century tell us we must not regard any contingencies, these being only partial and unavoidable evils. It is plain the world must be peopled; for if it is not peopled, we philosophers would have nobody to revolutionize, and reason, and logic, and ignorance, would be tantamount to the same. This then is the self-demonstrated hypothesis: this then is the grand basis to build upon; and as all things depend upon peopling the world, it follows, that to people the world is the most meritorious

action

action of life. But how am I to contribute to this greateſt good, if Laura perſiſts in her notions of matrimony? It is impoſſible. I ſhould then ſurrender my freedom, and freedom is even a *greater* good *than life* itſelf. Some middle-way muſt be deviſed; and though I abhor giving pain to any creature under the heavens, yet I muſt not be deterred from peopling the world, by the tears, faintings, and frettings of a woman who even does not know the great maxims of philoſophy. What are tears? Mere bubbles of water emitted from a particular ſtimulus of the nerves of the eye: women have weaker nerves than men, therefore tears from them are more common.—As to fainting, that alſo depends on weak nerves:—ſome will faint at the ſight of a rat. Well, I can't help the irratibility of the nervous ſyſtem:—A charming idea indeed! that, becauſe

women have weak nerves, the world is not to be peopled! Besides, am not I a philosopher? Yes: I have, and I will rise far above human nature.—Have I not seduced the mistress of my friend? Have I not been the means of a pretty girl and her father perishing in the flames? Have I not led a mob to burn down the metropolis of Great Britain? Have I not induced a wife to betray her husband, which caused his own and his children's death? Have I not lost three teeth and half my little finger in the cause of liberty? Have I not murdered my own mother? And shall the tears and lamentings of a girl prevent my marching forward in the high road of all-irradiating science and peopling the world?'

'O Philosophy! how few can contemplate thy sublime and terrific features: thy feet stand upon the poles of the

the world—thy head is cinctured round with nubilated exhalations, whoſe volcanic entrails emit thunderings and lightnings that ſcatter all exiſtence around thee, and hecatombs of infidels and ſurdous men are reared or diſperſed by the cataclyſms of thy ſcientific fulminations. When ſhall the catenas of mankind be decrepitated by the furnace of truth, ignited by the belows of reaſon? When ſhall the ingannations of prejudice be delacerated, and the catachreſtical reaſonings of facinorous ariſtocrats be diſpanded by the zetetic ſpirit of the eighteenth century*?'

From this prodigious flight of the true ſublime and unintelligible, Frederick ſuddenly deſcended to the conſideration of more common action: ſimply, how he might promote the in-

* For the ſake of the *Engliſh* reader, theſe words may be found in Johnſon's Dictionary.

creaſe

creaſe of mankind. It appeared no very eaſy taſk to do away the qualms of conſcience in a modeſt girl, unleſs indeed he could prove to her that there was no ſuch thing as conſcience, which was a taſk of no great difficulty for a modern philoſopher to undertake. Another ſmall reflection occupied him, for he ſaw that he muſt proceed upon the principles of deception, and what then became of immutable truth? But, on weighing over the maxims of *political juſtice*, he found that deception was extremely moral in affairs of love, aud he was more than ever enamoured of the new philoſophy, which ſeemed calculated for the comfort of man.

He began with Doctor Alogos, whom he ſoon convinced of the non-entity of conſcience; that reaſon was the only guide to truth, aud paſſion the index to pleaſure. Laura, the blind prejudiced

Laura,

Laura. was not to be wrought upon by the profoundnefs of his reafonings and the fubtilty of his logic.—' Though I feel myfelf unequal to anfwer you,' faid fhe, ' that by no means is an approval of your arguments; for I well know that by argument we can neither prove nor refute many things which yet we feel to be or not to be. For inftance, you may tell me I am ten feet or only ten inches high; that my fight deceives me; and you may confound me with arguments to prove your affertion. But all thofe arguments will not change my opinion that I am only five feet high, nor will you perfuade me that I have no confcience.'

One fine glowing evening, when the country was yellowed over with harveft, and the birds chirped amongft the hedges, which were hung with ftalks of loofe corn, Frederick and

Laura

Laura took a walk to ſome diſtance, and, as it is very natural, diſcourſed on love by the way.

Frederick exerted all his eloquence upon the uſual ſubject; but ſeeing that he made no impreſſion, he *tranſided* into the more natural language of commonplace, ſuch as has been the practice of all lovers ſince the flood, and ſuch as will continue to win the hearts of the fair, till philoſophy ſhall introduce a new ſet of ideas and ſenſations.—'I will,' ſaid he, 'charming Laura, adopt your ſide of the queſtion, for really metaphyſics do not altogether ſatisfy the heart.'

'Were you to forſake your wild opinions,' ſaid Laura, 'you would become an agreeable member of ſociety.'

'It is you,' he replied, 'who muſt make

make me ſo; it is you I ſhall look up to for inſtruction; but remember the ſentiments of Rouſſeau in his Emilius. If woman be formed to pleaſe, and be ſubjected to man, it is her place doubtleſs to render herſelf agreeable to him inſtead of challenging his paſſion: the violence of his deſires depends upon her charms; it is by means of theſe ſhe ſhould urge him to the exertion of thoſe powers nature has given him. The moſt ſucceſsful method of exciting is to render ſuch exertion neceſſary by reſiſtance, as in that caſe ſelf-love is added to deſire, and the one triumphs in the victory which the other is obliged to acquire.'

'Theſe ſentiments were worthy a voluptuary,' replied Laura: 'they came, no doubt, warm from the heart of Rouſſeau.'

'Yes,' ſaid Frederick, 'from the author

author of Eloiſa we ſhould expect ſtrong expreſſions, but they are nevertheleſs true. You have read, Laura, that charming romance. What did you feel at the *firſt kiſs of love?* In a word, did not the whole performance ſet your ſoul on fire?'

'No,' replied Laura; 'I ſaw through the ſophiſtical jargon of rhapſodic language. I beheld only a man who *kept* a milliner, endeavouring to juſtify his actions to the world by drawing a fiery picture totally untrue. Do you think there is a man in the world like Wolmar? And what was St. Preux but a precious ſentimental raſcal, who, under the ſanction of the moſt ſacred friendſhip, plunders a believing love-ſick girl, and talks all the while about virtue and celeſtial innocence?'

Frederick found by this diſcourſe that he ſhould not eaſily contaminate

the

the purity of her mind by the introduction of voluptuous ſubjects, for he knew of no book more likely to introduce a deſire of diſſipation than the celebrated Eloiſa of Rouſſeau*: he therefore reſolved to ſupply his want of perſuaſion by violence, beginning with thoſe liberties often allowed, till his paſſions throwing him off his guard, he exerted that proweſs which men are endowed with for other purpoſes; but here he was again deceived, Laura not being one of thoſe puny ſlips of faſhion which ſhrink from the touch.

The philoſopher was confounded at a reſiſtance he had not expected from the delicate figure of the maid. He hung down his head in ſilent *vexation* at her keen reproaches; for *ſhame* he knew not, unleſs it was in ſtopping ſhort of his heroic and patriotic intentions. He

* To this may now be added the Monk.

propoſed,

propoſed, in a tone of voice much beneath the dignity of manhood, to accompany her home, but ſhe refuſed his offer with ſuperlative diſdain.

He turned away to philoſophiſe, and call to his aid the doctrines of Stupeo: ſo chagrined was he at the diſappointment, that he almoſt reſolved never again to preſent himſelf before Doctor Alogos—but again he reflected, that it was unworthy a great man to ſtoop to accidents, it being more in the order of Nature that accidents ſhould bend to them.

As he walked forward, wrapped in *muſing melancholy*, a gleam of ſatisfaction darted acroſs his mind—' Why,' ſaid he, internally, ' am I ſo grieved at a trifling diſappointment?—I, who am a being independent of the Univerſe, in how few years will age deſtroy the appetite for pleaſure, and I ſhall then regret

regret not having made more advantage of the fleeting moments. Did I bow down to the idols of prieſtcraft, I might be deterred from many actions *called crimes*, by the dread of future puniſhment; but it is the height of monkiſh blindneſs to ſuppoſe there is any ſuch thing as future puniſhment, and I am perſuaded, I am certain, half mankind do not give credit to ſuch ſhocking doctrines, or it would be impoſſible they could act as they do. What lawyer would undertake a wrong cauſe? What guardian would ruin the orphan under his care? What wife would betray her huſband? What ſon would diſobey his father? What father would ruin his family with variety of exceſs? And what young man would, for the pleaſure of half an hour, cajole, with falſe oaths and profeſſions, a fair, believing, tender-hearted girl into a miſery that can end only with her life?—No; I am certain, if people believed any

any thing of revealed religion, none of this could happen. Then ſhall *I* be trammelled by ſuch conſiderations? O Philoſophy! divine light of the ſoul! thy conſolations never fail in the hour of diſtreſs. Beware, ſays St. Paul, leſt men ſpoil you through philoſophy and vain deceit; but Paul was an old woman, Paul knew nothing of *eternal ſleep.*'

Having thus confirmed his mind in theſe delectable principles, he felt reaſſured to his purpoſe, and inclined his thoughts to ſuggeſt the means of ſubduing Laura.

Laura informed her uncle of the great deſigns of the vagabond philoſopher; but that diſciple of the new ſchool only coolly bid her be cautious, for nothing in nature could be more natural.

Frederick

Frederick was ſurpriſed to find the Doctor in good ſpirits; and no hint being dropped concerning his recent attempt, he already concluded Laura in his poſſeſſion. He retired early to bed to digeſt his plan; and not being able to ſleep, he tumbled about till midnight, when he was alarmed with a grating noiſe at the window beneath him. He liſtened, and fancying he heard footſteps, aroſe, and was proceeding down ſtairs with a poker in his hand, when two men aſcending, preſented piſtols at him, with threats of inſtant death, if he alarmed the houſe.

'Am I to be deterred from ſpeaking the truth?' ſaid Frederick: 'a truly virtuous man will proclaim the truth, amidſt an hoſt of foes.'

'D—n my glims,' ſaid one of the ruffians, 'you are a rum quiz; but I ſuppoſe he's dreaming.'

'If

'If you will tell truth,' ſaid the other, 'tell us where the old codger hides his caſh.'

'Truth,' replied Frederick, 'is invariable: the great Stupeo declared that no circumſtance could change its effects, and that it muſt be ſpoken at all times.'

'Well, out with it then, and no qualms.'

'In love,' continued Frederick, with *ſang froid*, 'we may conceal the truth, becauſe it is an allowable deception to deceive a girl to her own benefit, and the augmentation of mankind. But, for the ſake of wealth, droſs, traſh, rubbiſh———'

'D—e,' cried the firſt, 'you are a deviliſh rum one: only tell us where we may find the rubbiſh, and leſs of the gab.'

This

'This rubbiſh,' cried Frederick 'the bane of ſociety, the cauſe of all unnatural accumulations, of all the miſeries of ſuffering man; what is this to truth, eternal and immutable truth?'

'Blow his brains out,' ſaid the robber, 'if he don't inſtantly tell us where the poſſibles be.'

'We are not to be compelled to ſpeak truth,' ſaid Frederick; 'we ſhould ſpeak it for its own ſake, and not to avoid any evil, or to promote any independent good: for inſtance, I could now, to avoid the evil you threaten, tell you that in the front parlour there are bank notes to the amount of fifty pounds, and that would ſatisfy you; but that is an equivocation, becauſe you aſk where *the money* is concealed, implying *all.* (Aye! aye! All! all!) Well, that being the caſe, and an equivocation

drawn out the chest, and emptied its contents, when Doctor Alogos awaking, began to call aloud for assistance, and the robbers swore they would cut his throat if he was not silent. At that instant Frederick burst into the room, and one of the thieves fired, but missed him. A blow of the poker tore off the rascal's ear, and shook his arm so rudely, that the pistol fell to the floor, and the Doctor having reached a blunderbuss, they hurried away, carrying with them the notes and cash, with which they filled their pockets, swearing they would shoot whoever attempted to follow them.

'My dear Frederick,' cried the Doctor, embracing him, 'you are a brave fellow, and this favour shall not go unrewarded: you may always rely on my friendship.'

'Friendship!'

'Friendſhip!' exclaimed Frederick. 'Has fear clouded your intellects? Friendſhip is well enough for boarding-ſchool girls, who are plotting intrigues. You muſt eſteem me for my intrinſic value, and not becauſe I have done *you* a ſervice. No man ought to return favour for favour—that is an old obſolete doctrine, done away entirely by the new political juſtice.—Hear the great ſentiments of the great Stupeo on favours:—It may be objected, ſaid he, that a mutual commerce of benefits tends to increaſe the maſs (or cube lump) of benevolent action, and that to increaſe the *maſs* of benevolent action is to contribute to the general good: indeed, is the general good promoted by falſehood, by treating a man of *one degree* of worth, as if he had *ten times* that worth? or, as if he were in any degree different from what he really is? Would not the moſt beneficial conſequences re-

ſult from a different plan, from my conſtantly and carefully inquiring into the deſerts of *all* thoſe with whom I am connected, and from their being *ſure*, after a *certain allowance* for the infallibility of human judgment, of being treated by me exactly as they deſerved?' Who can tell the effects of ſuch a plan univerſally adopted* ?'

'Not even the profound Stupeo himſelf,' ſaid Doctor Alogos. 'I very much fear we ſhall never arrive at that perfection of knowledge, ſo as to be *ſure* and yet *uncertain* of the quantity of merit: had that great man lived, he would, no doubt, have made a barometer, which, upon being applied to the object, would inſtantly ſettle to the exact degree of worth.'

* Godwin's Political Juſtice, page 86.

'The

'The idea is original,' cried Frederick, 'and I am perſuaded he would have attempted its completion, for mind in that caſe would overcome matter.—Alas! what has the world loſt by the death of ſuch a man, who only was reſcued from the gallows to be ſhot in a riot. O Fortune! what a jilt art thou to men of genius and ſcience.'

'Nothing more true,' ſaid the Doctor, with a ſigh. 'Here is an end of our great projects of reformation, for my rents come in very ſlowly, the wretches declaring they have a right to the ground-rent free, and here I have loſt five hundred pounds.'

'It is the vile government we live under,' ſaid Frederick; 'a monarchy is a mere excreſcence, and a diſeaſe in the body of ſociety: the wars it occaſions, and the laviſh revenues by

which it is maintained, make it unbearable. Ah! if we could fly from its evils and re-aſſume the primitive ſimplicity of mankind—if we could ſhake off all ſorts of governments, and live to ourſelves as independent and rational beings, we ſhould then pay no taxes: Laura ſhould be my companion, and Suſan yours: — there, beneath vine trees of our own planting, we ſhould ſit and talk of love: beneath the date tree and the olive we ſhould ſing hymns of peace, and in the ſylvan ſhades ſhould we be united in harmony and celeſtial affections. Our children would promiſcuouſly grow up untainted by the world, and no tyrant ſhould violate the chaſtity of our daughters at his imperious will.'

Oh! charming,' cried the Doctor, dreſſing himſelf. 'Go and wake Laura inſtantly, and before to-morrow's ſun raiſes

raiſes the blue miſts of the lake, we will be on our journey to this terreſtial paradiſe.'

Frederick, impreſſed with equal rapture at the romantic idea, and repeating to himſelf anethemas againſt the tyrants who have debaſed unthinking innocence, he haſtened to the chamber of Laura. He found her half dreſſed, having been alarmed at the cries of her uncle. She bluſhed at being thus expoſed to the eyes of ſo great a philoſopher, and that bluſh drove all the tyrants from the mind of Frederick. He claſped the fair maid in his arms, and at that moment Doctor Alogos entered to tell his niece the ſervice he had received from the interpoſition of the virtuous hero.

Frederick, in ſuch a ſituation, would have been confuſed if he had not been a very great man; but he was arrived

at ſo much perfection, that he could liſten to his own praiſe in the moment he wiſhed to perpetrate what with half mankind would have rendered him an object of deteſtation; but this attainment could only be acquired by a ſteady attention to all the enlightened doctrines of the eighteenth century, and is called the bold, unbluſhing front of manly truth.

Laura rejoiced at the eſcape of her uncle, for her boſom was only too ſuſceptible of gratitude, and ſhe almoſt forgave the attack upon herſelf. She, however, objected to the plan of emigration, as a wild-gooſe chaſe after happineſs; and the arguments ſhe uſed almoſt convinced the Doctor that all pleaſure was ideal, for, as to dates and olives, not a ſingle tree grows in all North America, which obliged Frederick to own he meant only *figurative* expreſſion.

Frederick

Frederick was too candid to conceal his diſcourſe with the robbers, and Doctor Alogos could not refrain obſerving, that, though truth ought to be ſpoken at all times, yet, if it coſt five hundred pounds, it was as well to be ſilent.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTRODUCTION OF A VERY GREAT MAN — MATTER AND SPIRIT DISCUSSED — THE RAISING OF THE DEAD BY NATURAL MAGIC.

THE harmony of the family once more reftored, the public good became again their chief care; but an accident happened that very much checked their proceedings. A countryman had been detected offering one of the notes which had been ftolen, and was carried before

before a Juſtice of the Peace, where he was identified by Frederick and the Doctor. He pleaded very much in his own favour, proteſting that it was his firſt crime, and that his accomplice had carried away the whole booty except that ſingle note.

'And how,' ſaid the juſtice, 'could you be guilty of ſo great an offence when you could not be ignorant of the law?'

'That be very true, your honour,' replied the man: 'but I did hear Doctor Alogos in his pulpit reading a great book of political juſtice, which did ſay as how no law ought to puniſh *offenders* for a crime that be done, becauſe as that it were not likely, pleaſe your worſhip, that any man ſhould commit the ſame again, and no man ever committed the ſame offence in all its ſarcumſtances, as the law do mention. So, your

your honour, I thought that I did ſee clear enough, that if I did not do the action as the law did forbid, I were not guilty. Beſide, and more, your honour, I were near ſtarving, having loſt my playſe becauſe I would not tend church on a Sunday, nor work like a neger, as the Doctor did tell us we all were, as laboured for the rich; and ſo, your honour, I had nothing to do but to ſtarve, and the day were once, when I would have ſtarved rather than do a diſhoneſt act:—but Doctor Alogos did tell us that there were no ſuch thing as diſhoneſty; that it were all a tale to cheat us out of our right; and that the poor ought to have the lands of the rich divided: ſo, playſe your honour, I were in a ſtrange quandary, and though my heart did miſgive me, I were perſuaded to begin with the Doctor, as it were but proper he ſhould practiſe what he did preach.'

'Doctrines

'Doctrines like these,' said the Justice, 'are certainly of the most pernicious tendency, and, in fact, Doctor Alogos, this man appears to me less guilty than yourself. You know I must commit him if you prosecute, but I should suppose you would not wish to appear in such a situation; and I hope this will be a warning to this simple man, and teach him to follow the track of his fore-fathers.'

'Such,' cried Frederick, 'is the blessed effects of property! The great philosopher Stupeo used to say, that the fruitful source of crimes consists in one man's possessing in abundance that of which another man is destitute. This day gives us a proof of it; for this poor man would not have attempted the robbery, notwithstanding the beam of truth which flashed on the obscurity of his mind, had it not been from want.'

'It

'It is not my place,' ſaid the Juſtice, mildly, 'to attend to arguments; my buſineſs is with facts; but, for the good of my countrymen who are round me, I will obſerve, that this is the general topic of modern reformers, but, like moſt other of their pernicious principles, it is erroneous. Thieves, ninety-nine out of the hundred, are idle and diſſipated, and in general poſſeſs that ingenuity which, rightly employed, would raiſe them to conſiderable eminence.—Drunkenneſs and luſt are their great incentives to outrage, and *not* the want of food and raiment, the latter being, with a very ſmall exception, in the power of every one who is willing and who has ſtrength to work. It is likewiſe to be remembered, that, in the profeſſed ſyſtem of equality and property, no man is to enjoy or poſſeſs more than food and raiment, all elſe being luxury. It has been urged, that ſome have been ſtarved to death for want of encouragement,

couragement, *who had genius* and talents; but let this be remembered, that it was owing to their employing thoſe talents in a wrong way. Chatterton, for inſtance, ſtarved as an author, but he might have maintained himſelf well as a ſchoolmaſter; but, you will ſay, can any man of feeling ſpeak ſo coldly of ſo great a genius? We will not talk of feeling, but reaſon.—When I ſpeak of Chatterton, I mean it of *all others*. Chatterton knew his abilities, and he wiſhed to force the world to acknowledge him at once—but this muſt always be a work of time. Placing his whole dependence on *one* foundation, he was too proud to ſtoop from the high throne of poetic exaltation; whereas, had he become a ſchoolmaſter, he might have lived and watched the progreſs of his productions to the climax which awaited them. Again I would ſeriouſly obſerve, and would to heaven

heaven I could be heard by all mankind:—this man here accuſed of robbery tells you one means of loſing his place was diſregard of Sunday—mark with your own eyes the difference of thoſe who do attend the ſervice of God and thoſe who do not!—I will not mention ſects of religion; but look at thoſe who pay a reverence to holy things, ſobriety directs their way: they have no taſte for profligacy; and they rarely ſink into ruin from their own vices. But let us ſee thoſe men who deſpiſe the formality of church, and ſpend the Sunday in drinking and gaming: idleneſs and debauchery powerfully ſeize on the mind in theſe vacant moments, and thus it is from the cottage to the manſion that we may in general draw a man's moral character from his attention to Sunday; and we need none of us look far round, without as it were, perceiving that even, in the

tranſient

tranſient proſperity of this world, God has diſtinguiſhed thoſe who obey his commandments.'

The attention of the numerous company aſſembled was arreſted by the approach of a crowd of people. The poor labourer was diſcharged (for in the interior of the country, juſtices of the peace are extremely arbitrary.) Frederick haſtened into the yard, where, amongſt a troop of women and country people, appeared a thin, ſallow complexioned man, with one eye, and a large gaſh on one ſide of his face, which added to the deep gloom of his countenance a trait of ferocity and malignant expreſſion.

Frederick gazed upon him a few moments with a look of ſurpriſe.—'Is it poſſible,' cried he, 'I behold the profound and immortal Stupeo? Are you reſuſcitated, or were you not hanged

hanged nor murdered?—Can I believe my eyes?'

'It is I,' cried the great philofopher himfelf: 'I have efcaped thefe evils by accident, but I have loft my eye in the caufe of freedom. How, my dear Frederick, are you here? How could you poffibly efcape the vengeance of that glorious night?'

'Another time,' anfwered Frederick, 'I will tell you every thing: but, why are you deprived of your liberty?—Have you fallen at laft under the gripe of that many-fanged monfter—the Law?'

'This is a mere trifle,' faid Stupeo: 'I am accufed of marrying *three* wives, and as it is not a criminal procefs, I fhall efcape with finding bail to maintain them. So much for the glorious uncertainty of that profound abyfs—the Law.'

'But

'But is it possible,' cried Doctor Alogos, 'that you, Sir, the great and powerful opponent of matrimony, should be married to *three* at once? This strikes me as a contradicton.'

'That is, Sir,' replied Stupeo, with a look of superiority, 'because you are but little versed in the sublime doctrine of political justice. Sir, you would there find that contradictions are nothing in the way of truth:—but here there is no contradiction. The excess of an evil is always a remedy; as, for instance, when the militia of Europe shall exceed the standing armies, and all the citizens become soldiers, the evil of standing armies will cease, as the power of directing them to the destruction of the people will be gone*. In like

* I believe this is an observation of Hume, in his History of England, but only quoting from memory, cannot be certain.

manner,

manner, a man who has three or more wives may live as free as though unmarried, for he has only to go to the altar with any female whom he judges capable of adding to the ſtock of general or reſulting good.'

Frederick was ſtruck with this profound argument; and the company being now ordered before the Juſtice, he pauſed to reflect whether, after all means were tried of ſubduing Laura, he might not adopt this plan without infringing the principles of liberty.

Doctor Alogos, who, had he not imbibed the new philoſophy, would have been a man of benevolence, agreed to pay a ſtipend for the maintenance of the young woman at whoſe ſuit the great philoſopher had been detained, and, proud of having ſo celebrated a man for his gueſt, (though at

preſent

preſent a little in diſorder) he invited him to the manſion-houſe.

Laura ſtarted with ſurpriſe at the ſight of ſo ſhocking a being in human form, and not being able to diſcern the wondrous patriot beneath his unſeemly habit (for females are ſtrangely impreſſed by exteriors), ſhe concluded it one of the robbers of her uncle, and ſcarcely knew whether to run away or ſtay.

The name of Stupeo, which ſhe had often heard, arreſted her attention, and when ſhe gazed more minutely on the maſter, ſhe ceaſed to wonder at the eccentricities of the ſcholar.

When they were ſeated and refreſhed, the Doctor inquired in what ſtate Stupeo had found the people of England in his excurſions? — 'In what ſtate!'

ſtate!' cried he, 'why, abſolutely ſtarving and undone: the whole country is in a rapid conſumption, and no efforts of man can ſave it. I may ſay, without vanity, I have done my endeavours. I have had twelve illegitimate children, but not one of them could bear the air of this foggy climate. I have had three wives, but ſtill the people decreaſe—population is rapidly declining. What with emigration and the prevailing taſte for celibacy, I am convinced this iſland will, in a very few years, become an howling wild, and its ſea ſhores a place for fiſhermen's nets. The ſun of ſcience is haſtening Weſtward from theſe benighted lands, and it becomes every rational man to follow its beams.'

'I have long meditated on the ſubject,' ſaid the Doctor: 'I would not proceed raſhly, but I find the people of

of this country ſo tenacious in their ſupport of an old rotten conſtitution, ſo wedded to old principles, that we are thwarted at every motion by ſome croſs accident, and they are ſuch groſs fools, that the moſt palpable facts they invert to contrary tendencies.'

'I am on fire,' cried Frederick: 'I am determined to breathe a freer air; and let me tell you, the man who remains voluntarily in a deſpotic country lends his countenance and ſupport to the meaſures of that country.'

In the evening Stupeo and Frederick took a walk, when the latter requeſted his tutor to inform him of the accidents he had met with ſince their firſt ſeparation, their meeting in London having been ſo momentary, and their minds ſo employed on great exploits, that they had no time for private relations.

'It would be impoſſible,' ſaid Stupeo, 'to detail all the actions I have engaged in; I muſt therefore briefly enumerate them in a ſort of catalogue. The life of a philoſopher ought to be perpetually changing.—Firſt, then, I was appointed tutor to ſome young ladies, one of whom I took a fancy to (for I am not very difficult of choice), and the father having prevented me from ſtarving, it was impoſſible I could do leſs than inſtruct his daughter in the new philoſophy of political juſtice. He was, however, ſuch a bigot to the old ſchool, that he kicked me out of his houſe, and I remained for ſome time nearly ſtarved, when I had an undeniable right to dine at the richeſt table in the kingdom. A trifling forgery I had been induced to commit, not for any purpoſe of ſelf-intereſt, that would have been morally wrong, but merely to take a little from the fortune of a man who wallowed in wealth he could not conſume, was the

means

means of introducing me to the cells of Newgate: ſuch is the preſent deteſtable ſyſtem fencing round property, with capital puniſhments, ſo that it is next to impoſſible to reduce the horrid amaſſments of wealth into more equal channels.

'After I was ſhot and trod down, I lay ſome time inſenſible, when a ſurgeon's man dragged me into a bye alley, and whipping me into a ſack, carried me to his maſter's diſſecting-room.—Having prepared himſelf for a grand experiment, he was ſurpriſed to find that I was not wholly dead, and applying ſome powerful ſtimulants, I opened my eyes.

'I was aſtoniſhed to ſee, ſtooping over me, an haggard figure, dreſſed in a brown ſtuff gown ſtreaked with blood; in a belt hung a parcel of inſtruments, and round the room were various pre-

parations of anatomy, with ſaws and ſkeletons hung upon nails. I inclined my eyes to ſee my own ſituation:—a wet cloth bound my head, and I found that I was lying naked upon a large table clotted with morſels of ſkin and fleſh. I fancied myſelf in the Inquiſition.

'Fiends!' ſaid I, 'is this your way of promoting your ſuperſtitions? You would make me believe the immortality of the ſoul; but matter is eternal—and as to the ſoul, it is like the ſap in vegetables, when it leaves one form, it goes to impreſs motion on another: it is a bundle of ideas perpetually changing, and never is the ſame two moments together, and yet this fleeting ſomething you would make me believe is immortal.'

'Are you an atheiſt?' ſaid the ſurgeon.

'No,'

'No,' cried I, 'I am no atheiſt, I am a new philoſopher. Helvetius ſays, he is no atheiſt who ſays that *motion is God*, becauſe, in fact, motion is *incomprehenſible*, as we have no *clear* idea of it, as it does not manifeſt itſelf but by its effects, and laſtly, becauſe by it all things are performed in the univerſe.'

'Then you call *motion* God?'—'Certainly,' ſaid I, 'becauſe it is *incomprehenſible*.'

'Then whatever is incomprehenſible is God?—But, what do you ſay of the *cauſe* of motion?'

'That muſt be motion itſelf, becauſe paſſive power cannot act, and active power is action or motion.'

He took a lancet, and making a ſlight inciſion in my thigh, dropped upon the part a few drops of elixir, which threw

me into ſuch intolerable pain, that I ſtarted on my legs and made at him like a fury.

'Is it a Deity,' cried he, 'that acts on you? You are under ſome ſtrange impreſſion.—Do you *comprehend* the *cauſe* of your motion?'

'That fluid,' ſaid I, 'has cut to my ſoul, and ſtimulated my nerves to a convulſive motion.'

'How ſay you? What then is *motion mechanical!* If ſo, how is motion God? But, do you comprehend the reaſon why this elixir ran like fire to your brains?'—'No.' Not comprehend it? Why, then this elixir is your God: it is an *incomprehenſible cauſe of incomprehenſible motion.*'

'I might reply in the words of Mr. Hume,' ſaid I;—'If you do not believe as

as I do, I muſt confeſs I can reaſon with you no longer. But, however,' continued I, 'to give you a *clear* idea of this grand doctrine of motion:—The internal organization of abſtract principles coming in contact with tangible ſubſtances, forms a concatenation of reſulting conſequences, demonſtrating the powers of loco, impinging motion, reſulting from the chance arrangement of ponderous bodies, ſubſiding in concocted maſſes, and aſſuming a form in vacuo.'

'My dear Sir,' cried the ſurgeon, 'I can form no clear idea of your *incomprehenſible* diſcourſe, and yet I ſhould not take you for a Deity—at leaſt you muſt be one in diſguiſe.'

'You muſt allow, however,' ſaid I, 'that chance has produced every thing, and directs every thing.'

'So far the contrary, that chance produces nothing, and cannot direct any thing: this elixir acted on you as it would on a thousand others. What appears chance to us is only an invisible cause, of which we see the effect. In some cases we may trace up the effects to a great First Cause, who must, from our very nature, be to us incomprehensible; but not for that reason non-existent, or, on the contrary, because many things possess this *one* attribute to us, are we to call them Deities? For if so, every phenomenon of nature would become a Deity, and the philosopher of the eighteenth century would have more gods than the ancient heathens.'

I saw by these arguments that he was so wrapped up in the mists of the old school, that it was no use attempting his reformation, and finding I was not in the Inquisition, I rejoiced at having escaped

eſcaped the muſkets of the ſoldiers and the fangs of Jack Ketch, nor for my own ſake, that was out of the queſtion, but for the ſake of univerſal man.

After my recovery, with the loſs of an eye, I lived ſome time with this anatomiſt, being frequently employed *raiſing the dead*, which to me was a matter of indifference, becauſe I knew that all things in nature were merely modifications of the ſame matter, there being no difference between a putrid carcaſe and a bank of violets, except in the perception of our ideas.

The ſurgeon frequently lamented the neceſſity there was for this barbarous practice, as he called it.—'Were we allowed,' ſaid he, 'all unclaimed bodies which die in hoſpitals, all malefactors, of every deſcription, and all ſuicides, we ſhould not need to diſturb the repoſe of ſacred bodies, whoſe places

affection laments and visits, when perhaps they have been mangled to pieces in our lecture room, or sold piecemeal, at fixed prices, like butchers' meat, to any person*. The dissection of suicides would be a greater preventive to the action than all the laws of *felo de se*, because the plea of insanity would not abrogate the consequence.'

My practice of plundering the church-yards at the most solemn hours, under danger of detection, and what was worse, under the fear of infection from diseases nearly advanced to putrescence before the interment; to break open a coffin, and carry in my arms a

* It is a known fact, that every part of the human body has a regular price. No person can deny the necessity of dissections, but as at present conducted, they are a disgrace and an outrage on society;—nor are the jests and levity of some of the young surgeons becoming, over the body of an human being.

In the Requi

naked

naked body, whose scent was sufficient to ferment a plague, was an undertaking that required all the resolution of philosophy, and fitted me for the event of any revolution or combustion of nature.

One day I observed to Dr. Cuticle, that it was to me a plain demonstration from the structure of the animal œconomy, and its tendency to putrescence, that it was like every other material substance; that the derangement of any one part affecting an immaterial, impalpable something, called the soul, was a gross bigotry; for, were the soul an immortal spirit, it could not be affected by matter—it could not feel pain in disease.—He replied,

'Place a man in perfect health in a circular room, glazed round, some of the windows shall be green, some red, and some blue: you will grant that

in looking through theſe windows he will ſee objects of different colours and ſhades, but yet his own ſight ſhall be clear and perfect. If the windows are dirty, he will ſee objects obſcure; and if they are painted black, the ſurrounding ſcenes will to him be inviſible; ſo the human ſoul, placed in the body, like the man in the room, can receive no external impreſſion but through that body. His reaſonings will take various ſhades—his paſſions and affections will be variouſly combined: but this does not deduce from his perfection as a man; but proves that the ſoul may be immortal, and yet *obliged* to partake of every accident which touches or acts upon its habitation.'

To this I replied—'Modern philoſophers define the ſoul to be an immaterial ſubſtance, in the ſtrict uſe of the term, ſignifying a *ſubſtance* that has *no extenſion* of any kind, nor any thing of the

the *vis inertia* that belongs to matter: it has neither *length*, *breadth*, nor *thickness*, so that it occupies no *portion* of space; on which account the most rigorous metaphysicians say, that it bears no sort of relation to space any more than *sound* does to the *eye*, or *light* to the ear: in fact, that *spirit* and *space* have nothing to do with one another, and it is even improper to say an immaterial being exists in space, or that it resides in one place more than another, for, properly speaking, it is *no where*, but has a mode of existence that cannot be expressed by phraseology appropriated to the modes in which matter exists*.'

Cuticie bowed profoundly at this observation—'You have proved to a demonstration *in words*,' said he, 'that we have no soul: to answer you *in*

* Priestly on Matter and Spirit, vol. i. page 74.

words

words would be an easy matter. I must confess that modern philosophy has something in it sublimely unintelligible: it is like the definition you have given, a *substance without substance*, a cube long, broad, and wide, but occupying *no place*, and has no more relation to reason and sense, than *nothing* has to *something*, and *something* to *nothing*. It is even improper to say philosophy exists *any where*, or that it is *here* more than *there*, for, properly speaking, it is *no such thing*: its mode of existence cannot be expressed in any language utterable by the human tongue. Such an argument as this may be applied to any thing, and would disprove the existence of the whole universe.'

So saying, he turned away to pursue some anatomical preparation, and I saw clear enough that we have no souls at all. — My present employ was not congenial to my desire of benefiting mankind.

mankind. I was like a gem hid in the mud, and I resolved to quit my situation. Indeed, the house-maid had been a little troublesome, for in teaching her some of Monro's anatomical comparisons, we were naturally led from theory to practice, for she had so much of the modern spirit of inquiry, that she frequently attended dissections promiscuously with the other sex*.

I rambled over great part of the country under different professions, and gained a great deal of money from a certain medicine that was an infallible cure while I staid in the town. Whereever I went I disseminated the new doctrine of universal emancipation; I made many converts *from* religion, and taught the ignorant peasant to read

* One of the pursuits pointed out to females: vide Rights of Women.

the

the great book of Nature. I may say that mankind are infinitely obliged to me for the knowledge of various grievances they never so much as dreamed of till I pointed them out.

'My dear master,' said Frederick, 'you are a martyr to your virtues; but here you may rest for a time.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORMATION OF THE WORLD—A STRANGE EVENT RESULTS FROM A POLITICAL LECTURE, WHICH DISGUSTS THE PHILOSOPHERS WITH SOCIETY.

THE following day Frederick, in the garden, informed his tutor with his passion for Laura; that he debated with himself as to the resulting good, and found a sort of hesitation to use her with too much violence.

'I will

'I will let you into a myſtery,' ſaid Stupeo. 'The great maſs of mankind are fools, and no better than the callous ſod on which we tread. It is the part of the great men and philoſophers to mould them as they pleaſe; and when we have ſhaken off the influence of every thing called principle, are ſatisfied we have no portion in eternity, and that the fable of an avenging Deity is an old woman's tale, what power, I aſk, can control us? We become almoſt too great for the world; mind ſeems to riſe ſuperior to matter; crime becomes nothing; all that men call murder, inceſt, luſt, and cruelty, is trifling, not more, in fact, than changing the form of paſſive matter, or cutting down the trees of the foreſt; for, remember we cannot *deſtroy* any thing, we only change its form: and ſuppoſe a woman dies under our hands, her death makes room for another; the ſame

ſame as plucking a turnip makes room for the planting of a cabbage.'

'I feel,' cried Frederick,' 'I feel I am now free. I ſhall render my name immortal, for no human tie—no moral check ſhall ſtay the purpoſe of my power. But it ſeems true, after all, that a ſociety of atheiſts could not exiſt, they would murder and be murdered: no truſt could be placed upon any man: the king would aſſaſſinate the man who affronted him; the courtier would aſſaſſinate the man who oppoſed him; the wife would aſſaſſinate her huſband, when diſappointed in meeting her lover; no girl would arrive at the age of maturity; and the human ſpecies would ſoon become extinct.'

'And what then?' ſaid Stupeo.—'The ſame ſpirit which now actuates our bodies, muſt then actuate ſomething elſe:—you cannot annihilate that ſubtle

gas;

gas; and if it does not give motion to men, it may to ſome new ſpecies:—who knows but it may animate the trees and plants with rational faculties*—it would make this world a very different place.'

'I ſhould like to ſee it,' ſaid Frederick. 'Metaphyſics are ſurely the moſt uſeful of the ſciences; but here comes Laura and the Doctor. We have been diſcourſing,' continued he, 'on matter and ſpirit, and it appears plain that matter is eternal, and ſpirit mere fermentation.'

'I wonder,' ſaid the Doctor, 'how our world was ſo admirably formed, un-

* Let the reader reflect upon this. Nothing is annihilated, though the form may be changed.—What then becomes of the ſoul?—Are the laws of nature ſuſpended in this one inſtance? If not, the ſoul muſt ſtill exiſt—it muſt be ſomewhere.

leſs

'leſs it was by the power of an omnipotent Being.'

'Our earth,' cried Stupeo, 'was once a part of the ſun, a molten maſs, when a large comet bruſhing too near that luminary, daſhed off a conſiderable portion, which flew till the natural motion formed it into a ſpheriod, and it began to cool. The atmoſphere round it formed the ocean, and the friction of this vaſt body of waters upon the ſcoræ and cinders, which compoſed the great ſkeleton of the world, formed the ſands of the ſea, which ſubſided into large beds, riſing by degrees to the ſurface, where the action of the ſun hardened the ſuperfices. The heat of this luminary upon the putrid particles of the ſea generated ſhell-fiſh, which are evidently moſt allied to ſtone of any animal we know. Theſe poſſeſſed the whole of the ocean for ſome thouſand ages, and being, by the gravitation of the earth, thrown

thrown into large chains of beds, in the progreſs of time decaying and cementing together with the olaginous ſubſtance they contained, the ſhells became ſtones, forming mountains. Thus we always find ſhells in every body of rock, and on the higheſt mountains.—Every great change produced a revolution, and from the ſoft ſlime of ſhelly mountains, vegetables were produced. This new form of matter decaying and fermenting, animals, ſuch as lions and tigers, bulls and monkeys, were produced. The latter was man in his original ſtate. It was ſome thouſand years before he learnt to walk upon his hind legs, ſome thouſand more before he pulled of his ſhaggy coating; but it is not material for me to trace him in every improvement, till he acquired a full face from the effects of a change of climate, and learnt the articulation of ſounds by imitating the babbling of a brook, for he is to this day a creature

imitating every other animal, and nothing is more clear than that he was originally an ouran-outang.'

'It ſtrikes me,' ſaid Laura, 'that your ſyſtem is a little prepoſterous; and one is led to inquire where you ſtood when the earth was a liquid ſtream of melting fire? But, with regard to man, I would obſerve, that had he *ever* been a mere brute animal, he *never* would have changed his nature: he never could have acquired perfectability, for we never ſee the leaſt progreſſion in animals, nor are monkeys, at this period, one ſingle degree advanced beyond what they were three thouſand years ago; but, nevertheleſs,' ſaid ſhe, with a look of irony, 'when one ſees ſome people, they are apt to acknowledge the relationſhip, and when they hear the chatter of jingling, unmeaning ſentences, they are apt to cry out, that the ouran-outang is the better man.'

Stupeo

Stupeo could not but feel this ſally, but it was beneath his philoſophical metaphyſical dignity to regard, or even reply to this reaſoning of a woman who was not illumined with the ſplendid rays of intellect.

Frederick often ſought an opportunity to accompliſh his ſchemes, but ſought in vain, the vigilance of Laura precluding a poſſibility of ſucceſs. He more than once attempted to infuſe a drug into her drink; but whether ſhe ſuſpected him or no, ſhe always avoided any thing from his hands which would admit adulteration.

Peace was about this time eſtabliſhed with America, and the whole country rang with exultation. During the war, no one had more execrated the ſyſtem than the Doctor, and every lecture concluded with an apoſtrophe to peace.—He now mounted the pulpit in the Hall

of

of Science, (the name of the lecture barn) and to prove that he was a very great philoſopher, could find fault with every thing, and was ſtaunch in all times and all ſeaſons againſt government. He declared that the peace was the moſt diſgraceful that could poſſibly be made; that it would not continue a twelvemonth before we ſhould be driven from Canada. He declared, that, like Milton's devils, mankind were only born for rebellion and revolution, that all their joy was to riot in deſtruction, murder, and violation.

A number of ſoldiers who were returning to their families, hearing theſe great truths, ſwore the Doctor was inſulting them. A ſailor, with one leg, threw a crab cudgel at the head of the Doctor, which narrowly eſcaped him. Frederick leaped upon a bench, vociferating, 'Citizens! the cauſe of all man-

kind is involved in this dispute: we ought to know whether these vagabonds are to insult us in our halls, and in our temples. Truth is sacred, and I will speak it, though a legion of spies were around me.'

'Citizens!' roared out Stupeo, 'you are under military government; the Philistines are upon us; the freedom of speech has departed, and you are all slaves, bound in chains, and rivetted by your own supineness.'

Anarchy and confusion now reigned in the Hall. The benches were broken in pieces, and served for clubs. A desperate battle ensued, as some few of the country people stood by the Doctor; but they were soon completely drubbed, and fled in different routes. Doctor Alogos and his two companions found a temporary shelter in the man-

sion,

ſion, and, to their utter aſtoniſhment, ſaw their principal hearers the moſt violent.

'What ſhall be done?' cried the Doctor, trembling moſt philoſophically: 'This enraged beaſt, this many-headed monſter will devour us.'

'Reverence the divine majeſty of a mob,' cried Stupeo; 'all their motions poſſeſs energy, and all their actions juſtice. This is a mere momentary fermentation, the effervescence of popular frenzy, and will ſubſide into a delightful calm.'

'But what are we to do in the meantime? We ſhall be murdered!'

'A mere trifle, my dear Doctor;—a mere re-modification of matter.'

'A re-modification of the devil: I don't at all like this.'

'Its a d—d ariſtocratical church-and-king mob,' cried Frederick. 'I have been to talk to them, but they are deaf to the voice of reaſon: they are increaſed by a number of market-women, who vow vengeance againſt Stupeo for his three wives, and the Doctor for his kept miſtreſs. This is no republican mob, inſpired with the divine frenzy of liberty and equality.

'Oh! curſe it,' cried Doctor Alogos, 'they ſeem to have liberty enough; they are treading down my fine flower garden like an herd of ſwine: there go all my exotic ſhrubs! — I believe they are a troop of Goths and Vandals, who pay no regard to ſcience.'

'There is your whole congregation!' cried

cried Laura, weeping. 'My dear uncle, they are all gone mad; they are talking about rights and liberties, and deſtroying every thing before them.'

'Let us defend ourſelves,' cried Frederick, running to the front window. 'Citizèns!' cried he, 'is it thus you abuſe your friends?'

'Friends!' ſhouted a countryman, 'there be no ſuch thing as friendſhip. Equality for ever!—and down with the Doctor!' Frederick immediately fired a fowling-piece, loaded with ſmall ſhot. A volley of ſtones was returned, which broke half the windows in front, and daſhed out one of the orator's teeth.—Stupeo inſtantly advanced, with a blunderbuſs, which he fired, and checked the fury of the mob for an inſtant; but the ſoldiers leading the attack, ſwore they would murder man, woman, and

child, and burn the houſe to the ground.

Not a moment was to be loſt in this caſe of extreme neceſſity; and Frederick even debated whether the reſulting good did not require him to join the mob, and aid them in the deſtruction of property. All the Doctor's cabinet of natural hiſtory was deſtroyed; his fine library made a bon-fire, and his elegant manſion was reduced to aſhes, amidſt the ſhouts of liberty and equality.

The fugitives found ſhelter in the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman, who ſaved them from the madneſs of the mob.—'For me,' cried Frederick, 'I am determined not to remain another week in this vile iſland, where there is not one ſingle ſpark of liberty and national ſpirit remaining.'

'What

'What do you call this?' demanded the Doctor: 'I think it's liberty sufficient to burn a man's house about his ears.'

'But that must have been a mob hired by the government,' said Stupeo: 'had it been a republican mob, it would have been a different thing; we should then have had a fine display of rational principles.'

'All mobs,' said the gentleman, 'are alike, whatever name you may give them. Mischief is their only desire—plunder the only object. To their leaders they are a subject of perpetual dread. For my part, I would rather live under a Turkish bashaw, or in a country under martial law, than in a revolutionary country governed by mobs.'

'For this reason,' said Stupeo, 'you are a man of *property*, but, for a man

without any property, the latter is preferable, as it renders, in a ſummary way, the accumulations of wealth.'

'But then,' anſwered the gentleman, 'you are not one moment ſure of your plunder — a ſtronger man may tear it from you, and, like a worm caught by a chicken, the whole flock will in turn catch it from each other, till it is either pulled in pieces, or gulphed down by ſome one at the hazard of choaking.'

'But that has nothing to do with liberty,' cried Frederick. 'All riches, and eſpecially hereditary riches, are to be conſidered as the ſalary of a ſinecure office, where the labourer and the manufacturer perform the duties, and the principal ſpends the income in luxury and idleneſs. Hereditary wealth is in reality a premium paid to idleneſs, an immenſe annuity expended to retain mankind in *brutality* and ignorance, by the

the want of leiſure (or time to be idle.) The *rich* are furniſhed indeed with the means of cultivation and literature, but they are paid for being diſſipated and indolent. The moſt powerful means that malignity could have invented, are employed to prevent them from improving their talents, and becoming uſeful to the public*.'

'You have made a very long ſpeech,' ſaid the gentleman, 'on a very ſhort ſubject; all you have ſaid amounting to this, that the poor are ignorant, becauſe they have not leiſure to be idle, and the rich are ignorant, becauſe they are paid to be idle; ſo that, in fact, all real knowledge centres in yourſelf; and I have very little doubt, but, in your eyes, all the reſt of mankind are little more than ideas, or at beſt machines.'

* Godwin's Political Juſtice, page 804.

'I will prove it by a demonſtrable argument,' cried Stupeo.

'They are very deſtructive ideas then,' ſaid Doctor Alogos. 'To ſay the truth, I am become quite ſick of ſociety, and all human nature together. I will go and bury myſelf in the wilderneſs of America, where no mob will burn my houſe and deſtroy my library.'

'Oh!' cried Frederick, 'there the people are free;—there the ſpirit of truth fought with irreſiſtable energy: republicans always fight with double ardour.'

'Enthuſiaſm,' ſaid the gentleman, 'is no proof of either truth or juſtice; but it is certain to inſpire a deſperate ſpirit in thoſe who feel it, let the cauſe be liberty, religion, rebellion, revenge, plunder, or what not; though it is very well

to ascribe to the justice of the cause what in fact is only due to the intoxicating enthusiasm of attaining a point. Revenge in general inspires revolutions. The people feel the evils they suffer under; they forget that a change most probably will be for the worse; and to be revenged on one set of men, they become slaves of another. I believe there never yet happened a revolution, where the then living generation did not feel accumulated ill, and the benefit to the next is very doubtful. Time and the natural improvement of the human mind gradually introduces reform, and in our own constitution we find always some trifle to improve; and it is well known, that at this moment we enjoy more *real liberty than any of our ancestors;* for in the days, called the golden days of good Queen Bess, did not she grant so many monopolising patents, that a gentleman demanded, in the

Houſe, if there was not going to be a patent for ſelling bread.'

The next day the Doctor began to arrange his plans of emigration, procuring all the information he could of that delectable country, where poor people live better than the rich; where proviſions are ſo plentiful, you have money to take them away; where more is paid to mechanics for their labour than the articles ſell for; where there are no taxes, and where the travellers *bundle* with the daughters of the family.

Frederick felt his enthuſiaſm riſe at this deſcription, and determined to accompany the Doctor to Philadelphia, one of the fineſt and moſt regular cities in the world.—' It is there,' ſaid he, ' we ſhall begin to breathe on the broad baſis of truth and reaſon; there all the puerile diſtinctions of religion and country

country are unknown, and man is respected for his good qualities.'

Laura raised many objections to the scheme, and Susan absolutely refused to trust herself in a foreign country without being married. Thus the Doctor was under a philosophical necessity of complying with a superstitious custom; and he could not refrain observing, that if he would have submitted to matrimony before, he might have married a lady of education and fortune, and not an ignorant pert baggage, who assumed the airs of a lady, without the qualifications.

The estate and ruins of the mansion being sold, the Doctor determined to set out without putting in his claim to the damages he could demand from the county.

Frederick for a while suspended his designs

designs upon Laura, foreseeing, that when they should be settled in a wilderness, she must of necessity be either his or Stupeo's, and he had no doubt but she would prefer the greater good.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V.

REFLECTIONS IN A STORM—THE DELIGHTS OF PHILADELPHIA — THE DOCTOR PURCHASES A LARGE ESTATE IN KENTUCKY.

A Pleafant gale wafted thefe adventurers from the deteftable ifland, where every thing was conducted in the worft manner poffible, and where law and religion influenced the majority of men. Their hopes were high, and they difcourfed and difputed with true metaphyfical

phyſical ardour. The reſt of the paſſengers were mechanics and countrymen, going over to make their fortunes, and the praiſes of America bounded from one mouth to another.

'I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid a man who had ſold a very good trade to emigrate, 'I am aſtoniſhed that any man remains in Europe, when all the bleſſings of life await him in America. I am going to purchaſe ſome lots of ground in the great city of Waſhington, which will ſhortly be the moſt magnificent in the world. All the houſes will be poliſhed free-ſtone, the moſt narrow ſtreets will be as wide as Portland Place in London. Ships already arrive there, and the city will be the emporium of commerce: I underſtand that it already makes a noble appearance.'

'A very noble appearance indeed,' ſaid the Captain; 'the ſtreets are all laid

laid out in right angles, upon paper. The number of workmen and mechanics employed in building this magnificent city is truly aſtoniſhing, they amount to nearly one hundred and fifty. But the chief advantage attending this city is, that it is contiguous to the eſtates of the Preſident.'

'You ſpeak,' ſaid the paſſenger, 'as if you were an Engliſhman, and wiſhed to diſcourage new ſettlers. I ſuppoſe you are jealous of others partaking in the pleaſures of your country.

'Very far from it,' ſaid the Captain. 'I am amuſed with the golden dreams of emigrants, who expect to find ſilver crows in America; and I can aſſure you what I tell you of Waſhington is literally true, and more than that, it never will be finiſhed, on account of the local and multiplied inconveniences around it.'

'But

'But how comes it,' ſaid the other, 'that ſuch advertiſements are inſerted in the newſpapers?'

'How comes it,' ſaid the Captain, you puff off any article you wiſh to diſpoſe of?—Do you think it is natural for a man who has diſcovered a treaſure, to call all the world to ſhare it with him? This very reaſon ought to deter people, if they were not mad: they might be certain, if America was that happy land held out to them by deſigning men, all the vagabonds in Europe would not be invited to its bowers.'

After they had ſailed many days before a fair wind, the heavens became ſuddenly obſcured; black clouds embattled over the deep, which hiſſed in riſing breakers againſt the ſhip's ſide. Sudden ſqualls furrowed the dark boſom of the ocean, and threatened to

tear

tear the ſails from the yards. All hands were ordered to work; the ſails were furled, the yards ſtruck, the pumps cleared, and every preparation made for a ſtorm.'

'My dear Doctor,' ſaid Frederick, in the cabin, 'now we ſhall behold a grand diſplay of magnificent ſcenery; we ſhall ſee Nature in a rage, and admire the terrific features of her countenance.'

'I hope not,' ſaid the Doctor; 'I have no curioſity to behold the bottom of the terrible ſea, to be hacked in pieces by the ſword-fiſh, ſmothered in the embraces of polypuſſes, or devoured by aligators.'

'A true philoſopher,' cried Stupeo, 'will behold the combuſtion of elements with tranquillity; he would not tremble were all the human race ſcattered round his

his feet with a blaze of lightning; though the clouds were to become ignited and flame around his head; though the concave vault of the heavens was to become red-hot; though the earth was to diſſolve with fulminations beneath his feet, and parting nature to mix in chaotic confuſion, yet would he ſtand firm and undiſmayed:—ſuch are the effects of real philoſophy.'

At that moment a loud craſh of thunder burſt over them, and rattled to a diſtance in various directions.

'The devil take it,' cried Stupeo, 'that's a horrid ſmaſh; the wind howls like an hundred wolves in a foreſt hung with ſnow. The ſea thumps againſt the veſſel as if it would break in the timbers. After all, men are very fooliſh to truſt themſelves ſo far from land in an egg-ſhell.'

'It

'It is nothing but an idea,' ſaid Laura. 'What, are you frightened at your own ideas?'

'I am fearful,' ſaid the Doctor, 'that even Mr. Hume muſt allow this ſtorm to be ſomething more than idea.'

'I ſhall go on deck,' ſaid Frederick: 'I am like an Engliſhman ſo far, that I am only afraid when I don't ſee the danger.'

'I will go with you,' ſaid Laura; 'the ſhip trembles ſo much I cannot ſit.'

It was with difficulty they could preſerve themſelves from falling, by graſping the hatchway; but the ſcene that preſented was the moſt terrible ſublime. One univerſal canopy of black clouds ſeemed to unite the ocean with the heavens, and the rain poured down in

ſuch

ſuch torrents, that they might be ſaid to be overwhelmed in water; through this, the vivid flaſhes of lightning played at leiſure, dancing on the mountainous billows, and giving to the ridges of rolling waves, which tumbled over each other as if contending in a race, the momentary appearance of melting gold. The thunder was ſo near, that it appeared rather ſurrounding than above them, and the whole was a promiſcuous confuſion of fire and water, the waves reflecting and refracting the variegated lightnings in every direction.

'Oh! great Creator of the univerſe,' ſaid Laura, a tear of piety ſtarting from her eye; 'Oh! that man would acknowledge thy power, for what prevents that thou ſhouldſt at this moment deſtroy the whole earth, and expunge it from thy preſence for the crimes of its people!'

'Surely,'

'Surely,' said Frederick, 'this is more than idea:—there must be an omnipotent Being, notwithstanding Mr. Hume and Stupeo. Were this storm the production of chance, it might continue, it *naturally* would continue for ever, and overwhelm creation.'

'Chance!' repeated Laura: 'How has it happened that this whole globe has never deviated from its orb? Why do not the planets leave their harmonic circles and dash each other to pieces?—Harmony is not an attribute of chance, for the very word chance implies confusion. Surely, had not some infinite Being, whom we should tremble to name, given them their motions, they never could have continued within their orbit. But man, weak and silly man, denies Providence and miracles, because Providence is not every day working miracles to provide him a dinner.'

'That

'That peal of thunder ſeemed to me to ſhake the foundations of the univerſe,' ſaid Frederick:—'but you look quite compoſed, Laura—are you not frightened?'

'I am indeed,' ſaid ſhe, 'very much frightened, but I am not diſmayed.—'Tis true I am a weak woman, but I look beyond theſe heavy and ſulphurous clouds, to a Deity who knows the weakneſs of his creatures, and can, in his omnipotence, as well protect me as a world.'

'But do you think,' ſaid Frederick, 'that he regards at all the actions of human beings? If he did, why in the ſhipwreck of a veſſel ſhall perhaps every man be drowned, except the moſt execrable villain amongſt them?'

'Becauſe that the good and the bad are ſo connected, that a ſtorm cannot fall

ſall upon one without touching the other, and to a good man drowning is a very trifling evil.'

'How ſo? You ſpeak now like a philoſopher. Is it a trifle to be annihilated to ſelf-conſcioufneſs, to loſe all the pleaſures of life, and become no more than the ſtone or vegetating ſhrub?'

'Indeed,' anſwered Laura, 'if ſuch are your ſentiments, death is to you the moſt tremendous of evils—you muſt ſhudder at the idea, and to ſecure yourſelf ſome paultry, tranſient gratifications, perpetrate unnumbered crimes. But, amidſt this ſtorm, when the next moment may whelm us beneath the deep, ſee how calm a woman can be, whoſe mind is acted upon by the cheering hopes of religion, and who expects hereafter to live to a beatified eternity.'

'But I have no ideas of ſuch a ſtate, and we know that the vulgar notion of an heaven above us cannot phyſically be true.'

'And why not?' ſaid Laura:—'you will tell me perhaps, that beyond our ſyſtem there are other ſyſtems, and beyond theſe others, reaching to diſtances ſurpaſſing comprehenſion. But, is ſpace bounded by our imagination, or is all ſpace filled with ſyſtems? Beyond all theſe ſyſtems may there not be a ſurrounding ſpace, where every idea of heaven may be realiſed, where new regions of inconceivable formation and glory may exiſt, for who ſhall limit the Supreme? Even ſuppoſe all ſpace to be filled with ſyſtems and worlds, may not theſe ſtars be ſo many different paradiſes, fitting the diſpoſition of different ſpirits?'

'Theſe

'These things,' said Frederick, 'may not be impossible; but they are very contrary to the doctrine of the great Stupeo. What a grand scene is he losing!—I will go and call him.'

The storm now raged with such violence, that the ship was given to the winds, driving between the furrows of the rushing waves. The great Stupeo laid upon the cabin floor, uttering the most horrid execrations—swearing that all hell was broke loose, and that the black demons of the air were running the ship into the clouds.

'That's a very sublime idea,' said Frederick, 'but I hope not literal, for if there be an hell, what will become of us?'

'O God!' cried Doctor Alogos, 'I do acknowledge thy power; I was a fool ever to doubt it.'

Laura endeavoured to comfort poor Susan and the rest of the passengers in the cabin; and the better to prevent reflection, she desired them to sing some psalms, setting the example by beginning the 104th. The novelty of such an action in so despairing a situation gained their attention, and many joining in, the terror of the danger was damped, and they felt a something of conscious satisfaction, which is unknown to any but those who have been in some similar situation, or have felt the tranquillity of a quiet conscience—Even Stupeo himself changed his execrations into groans, and Frederick hung down his head in silent reflection.

'The storm gradually subsiding, by degrees the several characters of the company returned, with this difference, that Stupeo maintained with more obstinacy than ever his doctrine of chance

and

and ſcepticiſm. Frederick wavered in his mind according to the impulſe of his paſſions; and Doctor Alogos became convinced that there was more in religion and *common-place* maxims of good and evil than the great Stupeo would allow.

In this diſpoſition they arrived at Philadelphia, and rejoiced at the proſpect of having reached a place where truth and juſtice had erected the ſtandard of reaſon. Frederick was ſurpriſed to find the renowned city not ſo large as that part of Mary-le-Bone which is built; but conſoled himſelf with the loſs of one of the fineſt cities in the world, as he could look over the ground where it *was* to ſtand.

As they paſſed along the ſtreets, they were hooted at by the children, and called vagabond Engliſh, with other opprobious names. — 'This is very

ſtrange,' ſaid Frederick: I thought the Americans made no diſtinctions of country; but we are only ſtrangers yet —they will reſpect us when they know us better.'

They procured lodgings at an extravagant rate, and calling for refreſhment, received ſome very coarſe cakes—wretched butter, and ſalt meat, for in ſummer no *freſh* meat will keep a day; and for this they paid more than the beſt articles would have coſt in London.

'Things are not quite as they ſhould be even here,' ſaid the Doctor.

'What do you mean by that?' ſaid an American *waiter*. 'Do you mean to ſtigmatiſe Congreſs?'

'Heaven forbid,' replied the Doctor: 'I ſhould like to ſpeak to your maſter about my baggage.'

'My

'My maſter! I don't know ſuch a man. Do you think I am a ſlave?—I am a republican, a free-born American. But who are you? Some louſy, beggarly emigré, come here to cut wood and hew ſtone for us.'

Doctor Alogos looked in ſilent amazement. Frederick was riſing to kick the republican down ſtairs; but Stupeo obſerved that this was the genuine blunt ſpirit of freedom: that, like Spartans, the Americans took perfect liberty of ſpeech.

'But they do not ſeem to allow it to others,' ſaid Laura.

The heat was extremely intenſe, ſo much ſo, that the whole company confined themſelves within doors, deliberating on the mode they ſhould adopt in promoting their paſtoral ſcheme.—Laura amuſed herſelf at the windows:

to her it had an air of novelty to ſee every third perſon a black; but ſhe was aſtoniſhed to ſee the people labouring notwithſtanding the violent heat, which was almoſt ſuffocating to thoſe who remained inactive; and the ſwarms of muſcatoes were to Engliſhmen a perfect plague.

'Theſe labourers,' ſaid a waiting-maid, 'are Scotch, Iriſh, and German emigrants, who earn *eleven ſhillings* a day currency.'

'Eleven ſhillings a day!' exclaimed Frederick; 'it is more than our peaſants in England earn in a week: they muſt live like noblemen. But what do you call currency?'

'Why it's about ſix and ſixpence Engliſh; but they are very badly off for all that, for every thing is ſo dear they can hardly live upon it, and one half

half of them ſoon die of fevers and agues.'

The landlord's daughter was a prettyiſh girl, and night coming on, Frederick requeſted her to *bundle* with him.—'If you inſult me,' ſaid ſhe, 'our Matthew ſhall bundle you into the Delaware.'

Frederick was aſtoniſhed at this frankneſs.—It is very different here, ſaid he to himſelf, but I don't know whether it is all for the better.

In the night Frederick was diſturbed by the rumbling of carts:—it is very ſtrange, thought he, that ſo many nightmen are at work at once in ſuch a little city, or perhaps they all come through this ſtreet. The Americans ſurely don't go in carts to balls.—In the morning he inquired, and was informed it was

only the *dead carts* that carried away those who died in the course of the day.

'That's strange,' said he; I counted near twenty, and this city is of very narrow extent.'—'It is a very magnificent city, and the largest in all the union,' said the landlord;—'but the yellow fever carries off some dozens in a day: however, we don't mind these things since we have got our independence.'

'Very true,' replied the Doctor; 'liberty sweetens every thing, and it is a glorious epoch in the annals of man, that property ceases in this great western Continent to influence the actions of men.'

The landlord gazed with surprise.—'Property,' said he, 'is the only stimu-

lus to commerce—commerce is the ſupport of arts and ſciences, and no man will be above trade: we have no honeſt gentlemen here — no idle hands—if a man will not work, he may ſtarve.'

'That's a deteſtable ſyſtem,' ſaid Stupeo; 'the ancient Spartans never degraded themſelves with work. Man in a ſtate of nature does not work, he has few wants, and theſe the waters or the woods ſupply.'

'That may be, friend; but our motto is *Endure, but hope*, and that of all newcomers is *Work, or ſtarve*. I ſee you are a green-one yet, and unſeaſoned; all you people from the old world think money is made for nothing here—but it is all a farce.'

'Where in the world,' ſaid the Doctor, 'ſhall we find the genuine principles of liberty and equality?'

'As to liberty,' ſaid the American, 'every man has liberty to follow any trade he pleaſes, and to vote for the Congreſs if he is a naturalized citizen; and as to equality, we have no titles except *'ſquire*, but for equality of property, as ſome of our own people would like it, it's a mere fire-fly of a dark evening.'

The idea of the yellow fever had damped the ſpirits of the whole company, and it was reſolved to quit the city of Philadelphia with all convenient ſpeed. This matter was under conſideration when a thin man entered the room.

'My good friends,' ſaid he, 'I underſtand you intend ſettling upon an agricultural plan. Agriculture is the moſt noble purſuit of independent man, and a ſure ſource of wealth.'—'How did you know our intention?' ſaid the Doctor;

Doctor; 'we have not yet beeen twenty-four hours in the city.'

'My desire to serve all mankind,' replied he, 'and to prevent the schemes of impostors, who, taking advantage of their local knowledge, often deceive and cheat strangers, has led me to intrude upon you.'

'Indeed,' said Alogos, 'I thought all the people of the new world had been disinterested and benevolent towards all mankind, who fly from the old world to be free of its crimes.'

'Human nature, Sir, is not yet arrived at perfection: 'tis true we are advancing rapidly forward—witness the great public roads and canals which intersect the country.'

'Why are these roads?' said Frederick:

derick: 'You ought to throw every impediment in the way of commerce—it is thence arifes all our evils.'

'That is very true, Sir, but in this country to talk difrefpectfully of commerce is high treafon: we are a commercial people. By means of thefe roads and canals, we have peopled the great wilderneſs, and planted fettlements where only rattlefnakes ufed to bafk. — To what part of the Continent do you intend journeying?'

'That we are undetermined upon,' faid the Doctor; 'we would be as far from fociety as we can, and in a country where we can enjoy the advantages of nature.'

'Then Kentucky is your object; it is the moft delectable fpot on the face of the earth; it is a fecond Arcadia—a continued fcene of romantic delight and picturefque

picturesque prospects. An author of *undoubted* veracity has given an history of that heavenly region. Sympathy, says he, *is* regarded as the essence of the human soul, participating of celestial matter, and as a spark engendered to warm our benevolence, and lead to the raptures of love and rational felicity.

'With such sentiments our amusements flow from the interchange of civilities, and a reciprocal desire of pleasing. That sameness may not cloy and make us dull, we vary the scene as the nature of circumstances will permit.—The opening spring brings with it the prospect of our summer's labour, and the brilliant sun actively warms into life the vegetable world, which blooms and yields a profusion of aromatic odours. A creation of beauty is now a feast of joy, and to look for amuse-

ment

ment beyond this genial torrent of ſweets would be a perverſion of nature, and a ſacrilege againſt heaven.'

The ſeaſon of ſugar-making occupies the women, whoſe mornings are cheered by the modulated buffoonery of the mocking-bird, the tuneful ſong of the thruſh, and the gaudy plumage of the parroquet. Feſtive mirth crowns the evening. The buſineſs of the day being over, the men join the women in the *ſugar-groves*, where enchantment ſeems to dwell. The lofty trees wave their ſpreading branches over a green turf, on whoſe ſoft down the mildneſs of the evening invites the neighbouring youth to ſportive play, while our rural Neſtors, with calculating minds, contemplate the boyiſh gambols of a growing progeny; they recount the exploits of their early age, and in their enthuſiaſm, forget there are ſuch things as

decri-

decripitude and miſery. Perhaps a convivial ſong, or a pleaſant narration cloſes the ſcene*.'

'Or perhaps,' ſaid Laura, with a ſmile, 'the fairy ſtrikes with her ſilver wand, and the whole vaniſhes, leaving behind an uncultivated wilderneſs.'

'It's every word true,' ſaid Citizen Common: 'I have not told you half what Mr. Im—y ſays of it. I am a ſurveyor, and can point you out the moſt eligible ſituations, which, out of my reſpect for your characters, I will do without reward. Here are plans of eight different eſtates, from one hundred acres to five thouſand. There are three qualities of land, but I ſuppoſe you would prefer the beſt, which will be parted with prodigiouſly cheap—twelve guineas for the hundred acres.'

* See Imley's *Romantic* Account of Kentucky.

'Twelve

'Twelve guineas for the hundred acres!' exclaimed the Doctor: 'why you mistake, you are giving the land away. Ah! if all the poor vagabonds in the old world knew that here they could have a portion of earth for almost nothing, they would beg, borrow, or steal, to procure a passage to this land of milk and honey.'

'There are thousands every year,' said the stranger, 'who benefit by our hospitality. If I might advise, this plat of ground, situated on the north fork of the Elkhorn, is the most eligible for a first settlement.'

'Well,' said the Doctor, 'if you bring me the title deeds and witnesses, I will purchase that: a thousand acres is just an hundred and eight guineas, and that's a mere song.'

'Indeed,' said Common, with a stare,

'you

'you ſhall have the deeds drawn out and regiſtered with preciſion.'—This being ſettled, he obſerved that at ſuch a diſtance, they would require to take with them various implements of huſbandry, and articles of neceſſity, every thing being tripled in expence beyond the Allegany mountains.

'But why,' ſaid Frederick, 'ſhould we encumber ourſelves with articles of luxury? We intend to quit ſociety, and will not load ourſelves with its inconveniences.'

'My dear Sir,' ſaid Common, 'you advance beyond the mark: ſo much do we depend upon each other, that we can neither begin nor proceed without the co-operations of our fellows: for inſtance, how will you cultivate the earth? Will you tear down the trees with your bodily proweſs? or will you turn

turn the ſod with your nails? You muſt have ſpades and ploughs, and a variety of other articles.'

'We are obliged to have all theſe in England,' ſaid Frederick: 'I do not ſee that labour is leſs or more eaſy in the new world than the old.'

'Infinitely ſo,' cried Common; 'farmers here work for themſelves, wages are ſo high that they cannot afford to hire men, and land is ſo cheap that ſervants ſoon become maſters.'

'That is as it ſhould be,' ſaid Stupeo, 'that is ſomething like equality. In our country, a farmer with a few hundred acres does little more that overlook his ſervants.'

Under the directions of Common, near a thouſand pounds were expended in

in articles neceſſary for a ſettlement.—The patent was made out at the regular office, and four waggons waited the pleaſure of theſe great men, who quitted the haunts of luxury in ſearch of virtue and liberty in an howling wilderneſs.

Every article as they paſſed along the road was exhorbitantly dear, ſeventeen dollars being charged for a common dinner for themſelves and their horſes: but what more aſtoniſhed them, was the impertinence of the inn-keepers, who being all agricultural men, did not altogether depend on their inns, and conceived travellers to be the obliged parties.

'This is very ſingular hoſpitality,' ſaid the Doctor: 'I have read a book which informed me it was cuſtomary to travel from farm-houſe to farm-houſe, and

and from New England to Maryland, almoſt free of expence.'

'Republicans,' ſaid Stupeo, 'are independent people, they do not cringe and fawn upon you for a ſhilling like your traders in Europe; they poſſeſs a conſcious manly dignity.'

'The dignity of an inn-keeper is certainly very great,' ſaid Laura; 'but I prefer the ſlaviſh European, where people ſeem obliged to you at leaſt.'

As they advanced over the mountains to Fort Pit, they were charmed with the ſcenery and the majeſtic river Ohio, down which they ſailed, between extenſive ſavannahs and high-towering foreſts, where ſcarcely the beams of day, much leſs the foot of man, ever penetrated.

Stupeo,

Stupeo, who was a man of profound reflection, was frequently ſubject to melancholy, to diſſipate which, he had recourſe to peach brandy and American rum, (indeed theſe mingled with water are the common drink); but though he was no milkſop, he was ſoon ſeized with a dyſentery, which to his comfort he found was very uſual to new comers.

Being arrived at Lexington, the metropolis of the fineſt country in the world, they were a little ſurpriſed at ſight of about thirty ill-looking wooden houſes, but they had ſeen ſo many wonders in the new world, that they were not altogether confounded, and Stupeo declared that he was delighted at the proſpect of coming nearer a ſtate of nature than they had even hoped or expected.

Their

Their large train of baggage was a ſufficient ſign of importance to procure them ſeveral viſitors: by this means the place of their intended ſettlement was quickly known, and a great deal of unneceſſary trouble avoided, there being already a family at Lexington, come from Virginia, with a grant for the ſame land, which they were unable to ſettle, it being already in the poſſeſſion of another holder.

'This is inconceivable,' ſaid Doctor Alogos; 'one had need poſſeſs a ſhare of *ſuffering* philoſophy to endure this: but how am I to be righted?'

'You may go to law,' replied the informant. 'I am an attorney, and will do you juſtice; for though the other purchaſer has been at law this twelve-month, and has loſt his cauſe, that was becauſe he did not employ me.'

'Go

'Go to law!' cried the Doctor with horror; 'what are there laws and lawyers in a wilderness? I expected to have found nothing worse than rattle-snakes and tigers.'

'The world could not exist without law,' said the lawyer. 'Why, it is almost impossible to purchase a lot of land here without a law-suit entailed, for at the office they grant patent upon patent, so that any man may choose what part he prefers of the whole country, and when he is here he cannot easily return.'

'That is right,' cried Stupeo, 'that is exactly my system of argument, the greatest resulting good is the first to be defined; the wilderness must be peopled, and the human race expanded over the surface of the earth.'

'But can we have no land?' said

Frederick; 'ſurely this prodigious country is not all monopoliſed?'

'You may have thouſands of acres,' replied the lawyer; 'but, if you would be ſafe, you muſt purchaſe at ſecond-hand—that is, a lot from the great farmers. You may have good uncultivated land at ſix guineas the hundred acres.—Mr. Common impoſed upon you more than one half, but I am an honeſt man.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLEASURES OF BENDING NATURE TO THE RULES OF ART — STUPEO AND SUSAN DETERMINE TO PEOPLE THE WILDERNESS — THE SUPERIORITY OF SAVAGE LIFE EXEMPLIFIED.

HAVING made a purchaſe of three hundred acres, about one hundred and fifty miles from Lexington, nearer the Ohio, containing two fine mill ſeats, with water carriage for timber, they began their march through the wilder-

nefs. Every ten or twelve miles along the road a little plantation was begun. Laura looked in vain for the blooming orchards and fugar-groves, with fine lawns beneath them; fhe faw indeed fome clufters of fugar-mapple trees at intervals in the woods, where *Nature* had planted them; but as to the velvet meadows, nothing of that fort appeared, the native grafs being feveral feet high, matted fo as to be almoft impaffable, and too rank for any ufe. The weather was infufferably hot—millions of infects tormented them night and day—fnakes curled along the tracts (called roads) and prodigious large frogs and toads wallowed in every little tank of ftagnate water, which the impenetrable foreft prevented the fun from evaporating.

Neither milk nor butter were procureable at any price, and they were under the neceffity of drinking fpirits and water, which threw them all into

flight

flight fevers, and added ſtrength to the diſeaſe of Stupeo.

Being arrived at the place where they were to ſettle, they were a little ſurpriſed to find it covered with prodigious large trees, which ſeemed to bid defiance to human labour. A thick cane brake over-ran half the ſurface, and was ſo matted and entangled with the trees, that they could not even clear a path through. The ground, which was not thus covered, was apparently ſo barren, that the black heaths of England were a ſort of comparative garden.

'It is plain to me,' ſaid Stupeo, 'that cultivating the ground is a deviation from the ſtate of nature. Has ſhe not ſpread her wide extended branches to ſhelter us from heat and from rain? Has ſhe not ſcattered various fruits and ſhrubs within our reach, and

what do we want more? When we ſhall have ſpent our ſtrength in deſtroying theſe trees, and laboured to raiſe the rotten ſods into life, ſhall we not ſet ſome value on the earth? We ſhall become proud, ſelfiſh, and tyrannical—we ſhall not readily yield it to another, and thus we give birth to all the horrors of civil life.'

'It is too late now to retract,' ſaid Laura; 'ſurely the reſources of philoſophy are not exhauſted, reaſon and truth have now full power to expand unchecked, in the deſart wild.'

'To be perfectly free,' ſaid Stupeo, 'we ſhould become like the roaming Indians; let us give to mankind a great and glorious example; let us caſt aſide our clothes, they are an incumbrance beneath the dignity of virtue, let us live like the wild Indians.'

'You

'You may if you like,' ſaid Laura, laughing, 'but I fear you will not eaſily do without brandy, and that's a forbidden article in the big book of Nature.'

'For my part,' ſaid Frederick, 'I will try the inconveniencies of a detached life before I wholly enter into a ſtate of ſavagiſm; we have contracted ſo many unnatural wants, which reaſon knows to be uſeleſs, that it requires time to root out our habits and prejudices.'

In about a week's time, an uncomfortable hovel was erected, with the help of ſome neighbours; but thoſe philoſophers had ſo little reſolution in encountering great difficulties, that theſe three great men were another week before they had cut off the lower boughs of a few trees, where they had planned a kitchen garden.

Stupeo was thrown off his legs with the little exertion he had made, the heat and the bad provisions, no meat keeping without salt. No physician was within many miles, and that one, an ignorant quack, whose whole knowledge was drawn from a Salmon's Dispensatory, and the London Compleat Art of Healing.

Stupeo pretended he rejoiced that nature would have her course; but she soon so reduced him, that it was evident the great man would quit the world without having caused one revolution; and the Doctor dispatched a messenger for the surgeon, who, on his arrival, prescribed some common medicines, which greatly relieved the patient.

Doctor Alogos lamented the want of books, though he had very little time to read: what leisure he had was spent in idle repining, and cursing the day he ever

ever set his foot on the new world, which to his eyes appeared only half formed. He had another subject of disquiet in Susan, who was every day reproaching him with having carried her out of the world to die in a desart. Laura was the only one any way contented, for the sweetness of her disposition, and her affection to her uncle, overlooked many difficulties.—Surely, thought the Doctor, there is something at least very pleasant in the attachment of kindred, and though she may love me as an individual, contrary to the new philosophy, I do not perceive any great evil in it.

The progress they made in cultivation served only to shew them the futility of their undertaking, and a whole family happening to die of a fever occasioned by over labour, they purchased the farm, which had been brought into some degree of cultivation. The ground, which

had never been turned up to the air, being compoſed of rotten vegetable ſubſtance, was loaded with febrile particles and noxious vapour, the effects of which are frequently ſeen in the deaths of new-comers; nor did the Doctor and Frederick eſcape without a ſevere fit of the ague, which diſabled them from labour.

The great Stupeo ſeemed here buried in unworthy obſcurity: he ſaw his genius and talents unemployed, and mankind unbenefitted by his labours. He had fruitleſsly attempted to injure the innocence of Laura, who deteſted him even more than Frederick; and he reſolved no longer to ſuffer the unjuſt monopoly which Doctor Alogos practiſed in the perſon of Suſan. The latter was heartily tired of the Doctor, who was not ſo young as Stupeo, and having imbibed the real principles of equality, ſhe made very little difficulty of aiding

to

to people this wilderneſs, where, it muſt be confeſſed, there was a little too much of ſolitude.

The Doctor beheld as a ſingular phenomenon, the change of Suſan's ſhape, which neither reaſon nor argument could account for, though it was evident there muſt have been a cauſe ſuperior to chance.

'It may be nothing more than an idea,' ſaid Stupeo; 'but at any rate it does not ſignify who is the parent of the child—the reſulting good is equal: it is of no conſequence to the child, becauſe under the protection of philoſophy, its mind will gradually expand to the genial beams of truth. I am of opinion, that children ſhould be brought up indifferently by the male or female, as it may happen. Why, I would aſk, in the name of common ſenſe, are not

men as well calculated for nurſes as women?'

'Becauſe,' ſaid Laura, 'they are not ſo domeſtic, and becauſe Providence has provided the female with a nutriment adapted to the tenderneſs of infancy.'

'That ariſes from mere repletion,' ſaid the great philoſopher, 'and is the ſource of all our diſeaſes—we draw in corruption at the breaſt, and if we would one day become immortal, I am of opinion we ſhould be educated independent from the birth, and fed upon ſomething more natural than milk, which is of all ſubſtances ſooneſt corrupted.'

'Of courſe upon brandy,' ſaid Laura; 'brandy is one of the leaſt corruptible of fluids.'

Suſan,

Sufan, in due time, brought a man child into the world; but no physician or person of skill being within reach, an ignorant old woman officiated, and the poor wretch expired in agony.

'Such,' cried Stupeo, 'are the consequences of being neither in nor out of society:—here we are in a desart, abandoned by our species, with all the habits we contracted in society, and no means to satisfy them:—if we had been in a state of nature, nature would have accomplished every thing.'

The Doctor was shocked at the event, though satisfied she had not been constant to himself; and he more than ever began to doubt the reality and practicability of the sublime doctrines of the new philosophy. Stupeo undertook the education of the boy, whom he insisted should enjoy perfect freedom,

dom, and be allowed to crawl about the houſe like any other animal.

'He ſhall not be thwarted in any thing,' ſaid he: 'the great Rouſſeau tells us that we only implant vices into children by pretending to teach them juſtice, and deſtroy the temper by checking the ſallies of imagination.' Unfortunately for the enlightened ſyſtem of education, this grand experiment proved abortive. The tender infant ſickened, and died of a conſumption.

Frederick, however, maintained that it was the kindneſs of Laura which killed it; and Stupeo diſcovered that it was ſtung to death by muſcatoes, its body being delicate, and not plaiſtered over with ungents of greaſe, like the infants of Indians; and the Doctor ſwore that Stupeo had poiſoned it with brandy. Thus theſe three great men could

could not agree upon ſo inſignificant a thing as the death of a child under a grand philoſophical experiment: where then is the wonder that men are daily cutting each others throats for a difference of political opinion?

One day when theſe three philoſoſophers were labouring in the field, ſometimes uttering execrations, and ſometimes diſputing, not a little to the prejudice of *immutable* truth, which often appeared in different ſhapes, a troop of Miama Indians croſſed the Ohio in their punts, and carried off all the portable articles at the little farm, which they had dignified with the name of Clarens. Poor Laura ſhared the fate of the reſt of the ſtock, and it was not known to the philoſophers till their return home.

'Black for ever be the day!' exclaimed the Doctor, 'when I left England

land with all its evils—there, persons and property enjoyed some protection. Alas! my dear Laura, my beloved child is murdered and scalped!'

'Nothing more natural,' said Stupeo, coolly: 'savages do not make those childish distinctions we do between beauty and ugliness—revenge is all they seek, for the unjust usurpation of the Europeans:—are we not driving them from their ancient possessions, and daily narrowing their bounds and power to live?'

'What have they done,' said the Doctor, 'in the course of some thousand years? The utmost extent of their knowledge in agriculture, is the planting of a few slips of maize and tobacco.'

'But they enjoy perfect liberty,' said Frederick; 'they have few vices and few

few wants—they roam at will over the face of the creation:—I feel myself enamoured of savage life*.'

'I see

* It is the practice of the new school to exalt every thing savage. An Indian is with them the most virtuous of human beings; and they make him utter sentiments he never heard, and perform actions which never were witnessed. Why is all this but to loosen men from the reciprocal bonds of society, and to sap the foundations of human governments. So far indeed are the Indians removed from these *sentimental phantoms*, that they are totally the contrary; though the emancipation of the negroes and the inhumanity of Christians, is an excellent stalking horses, for those who pretend to finer feelings than the rest of mankind. The following note will illustrate the tenderness of the emancipated negroes, and the *fine feelings* of their *deliverers*. See the note in Playfair's History of Jacobinism, page 341.

'The insurrections, massacres, and cruelties of St. Domingo, would make a large volume, were they to be detailed. The Abbé Gregoire and Brissot were two of the most active instigators of the revolt of the negroes and mulattoes. Gregoire, who was member

'I ſee plainly,' returned the Doctor, 'that very few men can exiſt in a ſavage ſtate: I ſee we muſt have made a progreſs in arts and ſciences before we can pretend to civil life. Thus arts and ſciences, with all their defects, tend to increaſe the numbers of mankind.—Indeed, I begin to perceive philoſophy has not every claim I ſuppoſed to univerſal acceptance.'

'The new philoſophy is immutable,' cried Stupeo; 'and notwithſtanding every check from ſelfiſhneſs, it will in time ſap all ſociety, and depopulate thoſe hot-houſes of vice and diſeaſe—large cities.'

member of the Aſſembly, when he heard of a terrible maſſacre, in which the negroes had for their bloody ſtandard a *white infant*, impaled on a ſpear, declared it was the *plus beau jour de ſa vie*. This philoſophic cannibal was at ſupper when the news was brought, and he and his friends finiſhed the evening with mutual congratulations and joy, on the ſucceſs of their plans.'

'My life,' cried Alogos, 'is a burden in this wilderness: — I have no books to amuse and instruct me—no intercourse of polished friendship, all is rugged and rude. There is *no market* for commodities that might stimulate avarice. I feel a thousand wants I cannot gratify, and even common necessaries I cannot procure.—Affection, which I once thought a blind partiality, I now find like a balm amidst the evils of life; and as I have lost my Laura, I am completely wretched. I am not now equal to the task of cultivating the ground; and I might have procured more comforts, conveniences, and luxuries in England, as a day-labourer, than in this wild with all its freedom.'

'I must grant,' said Frederick, 'that we have too much labour: this is not a state congenial to human nature—this is

is ſolitude without its concomitants, plenty, liberty, and eaſe. What ſignifies my being at liberty to wander in a foreſt and ſhoot deer, when I muſt till the ground or ſtarve: this is not genuine equality, and I am determined to ſeek it in a ſavage ſtate.'

'For me,' ſaid the Doctor, 'I am ſo completely wretched, that I will ſeek no farther for a bauble — I will die here.'

'The great moraliſt, Rouſſeau,' ſaid Stupeo, 'has ſaid, *by rendering life inſupportable, God orders one to quit it.* Now you believe in a Deity, and ſurely you may truſt his mercy.'

'I will not provoke his anger, thou fiend of darkneſs,' ſaid Doctor Alogos, with more energy than he uſually diſplayed: 'do I ſuffer one ſingle inconvenience

venience I have not brought upon myself, and you would have me close the account with murder. The Deity does not act by evils, nor are the consequences of our head-strong passions, our follies, and our crimes, to be laid to his charge. Rousseau was a fool, with all his rants and declamations, and many of his followers shew their long ears.'

A black slave, whom these advocates for universal freedom had *purchased*, his labour being cheaper than an hired servant, now entered the hut, with the tidings that Laura had been seen crossing the Ohio with the Indians, in a western direction.

Doctor Alogos, at this intelligence, roused himself to action, and the two philosophers proposed to accompany him, more from an expectance of novelty

velty than any defire to recover Laura, who would never attend to the lectures of thefe great men.

They fet out on horfeback well armed, purfuing the track pointed out to them. For four days they followed the Indians, till their provifions were exhaufted, and their horfes nearly jaded out. They fubfifted upon the wild berries and fruit in the forefts, ftill continuing their rout, and having plenty of powder, the birds fupplied them a frequent repaft.

By degrees they loft all knowledge of the direction of the country. Their horfes fell beneath them, and the underwood became almoft impenetrable. A council of war was called, in which Frederick pleaded ftrenioufly that they fhould join the firft band of Indians they might meet, and caft away every

trace

trace of ſociety; he even propoſed that they ſhould abandon their arms and clothes, and truſt wholly to chance.

This he was prevailed upon to give up, by the obſervance that the Indians were not ſo diveſted of all art as to be without arms, theſe being neceſſary in a roaming life to procure themſelves food.

Doctor Alogos, who had no wiſh to return without his niece, complied with all the ſublime whims of theſe great men; and though he was far from being in perfect health, he attended them through the dreary labyrinths of an almoſt impaſſable foreſt, where hunger and thirſt were their conſtant companions.

For near ten days they did not ſee a ſingle human being except themſelves. They had fallen in with a drove of buffaloes,

buffaloes, on one of which they made a plentiful repaſt. Their ſhoes were already worn out, and the green hide bound with thongs ſupplied the place; though they now ran conſiderable hazard from the ſwarms of ſnakes which baſked in the ſun, or hung from the trees like caterpillars in an Engliſh hedge. Frederick being the talleſt, had received ſeveral ſevere contuſions from the boughs of the trees, and the infinite ſwarms of muſcatoes which ſeemed to fill the air, goaded the whole party inceſſantly.

Some Indians they accidentally fell in with, ran away from them in terror.—In the woods they found ſeveral ſkeletons, which, from their mutilated ſtate, appeared to have been killed in battle.

'It is very ſingular,' ſaid Frederick, 'that even theſe ſavages, who are very little

little more advanced in civil life than ouran-outangs, ſhould delight ſo much in war.

'War,' replied Stupeo, 'is congenial to human nature:—what, are all the civiliſed ſtates that now exiſt immerſed in voluptuouſneſs and ſloath?—All the manly virtues are loſt, when arts and ſciences are cultivated. Look back to the ancients—the Celtæ, the Danes, the Goths, the Scytheans, and all thoſe hardy tribes who lived only in war, we ſhall there find all the heroic virtues, the contempt of danger, the bravery of ſeaſons, the generoſity of friendſhip, and the gallantry to the fair, ſo peculiar to the times of chivalry—all theſe are the children of a ſtate of perpetual war.'

'I thought,' ſaid the Doctor, 'you held gallantry in contempt, as a pu-

ſilanimous trifling, unworthy a great mind; and that particular friendſhips are an outrage againſt political juſtice.'

'So I do,' cried Stupeo? 'and who ever knew me retract what I once advanced?'

'But how do you reconcile the contradiction?'

'A philoſopher can reconcile every thing. The new philoſophy is founded upon the broad expanded baſis of univerſal truth; it eſtabliſhes principles not all the powers of kings and prieſts ſhall overthrow, much leſs a few contradictions.'

This warm debate was interrupted by ſome female ſcreams. The Doctor cocked his rifle piece, and the whole company

company moved towards the place, where, in a little retreat, they ſaw an Indian ſeverely beating two women with a cane.

'This is very aſtoniſhing gallantry,' ſaid Doctor Alogos, 'this is a warlike people; but let us inquire what is the reaſon of this uſage.'

Their black ſervant, Mungo, who underſtood the dialect of the five nations, inquired the meaning of the chaſtiſement.

'Becauſe I chooſe it,' ſaid the Indian: 'I have a great mind to ſhoot them both with my arrow.'

'Well, but you have ſome cauſe for your anger,' ſaid the Doctor, through the medium of Mungo.—'To be ſure I have:—I ordered them to ſhoot ſome plovers for my dinner, while I was

painting myſelf with this delightful blue, and they return to tell me they can find none.'

'I ſuppoſe,' ſaid the Doctor, 'you are related to them?'—'They are my wives.'—'One of them is very young.'—'She is my daughter*.'—'What, do you uſe your daughter as a wife?'—'To be be ſure I do—have not I the moſt right to my own? Does not Nature and the great Manetaw of the lakes tell us to do ſo?'

'We muſt acknowledge,' ſaid the Doctor, 'this is very ſtrange:—the women appear univerſally to be ſlaves to the men; but, alas! what a mere brute is man, when ſome greater law than his own will does not curb his

* See Byron's Narrative, Cook's Voyages, Loſs of the Groſvenor, &c.

paſſions.

passions. If this be liberty, bind me for ever to a galley oar.'

'I find nothing strange in all this,' said Stupeo. 'These men are ignorant of the sublime doctrines of philosophy —they do things without seeing their fr[illegible]s, and therefore may err a little in promoting universal good; for instance, what is there unnatural in this revultion of kindred; is it not a common practice with animals?'

'What horrid principles,' said Alogos: 'how would it be possible to rear brothers and sisters to maturity?'

'That's none of my business,' replied Stupeo; 'I do not concern myself with trifles.'

Doctor Alogos felt the truth of this reply; and having witnessed the bril-

liant virtues of a warlike nation in the ſavage ſtate, he concluded that the whole human ſpecies was under ſome dreadful curſe, for infanity ſeemed to influence all their actions.

The following day they croſſed a large ſavannah, where they could not procure the ſmalleſt ſuſtenance; and in the evening, tired and exhauſted, they arrived at a little ſettlement of Indians.

'Now,' cried Frederick, in rapture, 'we ſhall behold genuine hoſpitality; we ſhall ſee pure nature, unſophiſticated by the vices of ſociety?'

They requeſted of an Indian, in an humble tone, ſome hoe-cake, but received for anſwer, that they had ſcarcely ſufficient for themſelves, and a demand of ſome of their arms.

This

This was very unexpected to these philosophers, who, notwithstanding their knowledge of human nature, often made egregious mistakes, and finding pity and hospitality alike unknown, they bargained for a supply of provisions, in exchange for a brace of pistols and some shot.

'These men,' said Stupeo, 'must have been contaminated by trading with Europeans, at least they possess the virtues of sacred friendship; with them the security of oaths is unnecessary.'

'Sacred friendship!' said Doctor Alogos; 'you are a profound philosopher—you can acknowledge what you stand in need of:—you deny and affirm just as it suits your then convenience.'

'And what is the uſe of words,' returned the other, 'if we are not to turn them to our own advantage?'

Having with difficulty procured leave to repoſe in one of the wigwams, they made many inquiries into the ſituation of the country, but received no ſatisfactory anſwer, and from the tone of their dialect, they appeared to be a tribe beyond any that had immediate connection with Europeans. They lay down upon ſome long graſs; their weariness caused them to ſleep particularly ſound, and they were not a little amazed to find in the morning moſt of their clothes ſtolen, with two of their fowling pieces.

'So much for ſavage honeſty and juſtice,' ſaid Alogos; 'they are a parcel of raſcally thieves, and where is their ſacred hoſpitality in leaving us here

here to perish in a wild, without arms or clothes; for we have saved nothing but what we kept on our backs, or concealed beneath the grass at the request of Mungo.'

'In the first place,' said Stupeo, 'we have no right to complain, they have not taken our lives, which, from our imprudence, was in their power: and in the second, we mistake terms. In society, I grant this would be called a robbery, but, amongst the children of nature, it is only taking from another what they want to use themselves: they have not our ideas of particular property.'

'It seems to me however,' said Frederick, 'that they were conscious of injustice, or they would not all have departed in this sneaking way. I begin to think the savage state of man

is not conducted on philosophical principles.'

'That is what I have been saying all the time,' cried Stupeo. 'Listen while I explain to you the progress of human nature, from gross darkness to superstition; from superstition to the great light of truth; and from thence to philosophical ignorance, which is the genuine state of real felicity.'

'You might as well talk of the light darkness, of the full noon of night,' cried the Doctor in a rage. — 'I'll demonstrate it,' cried Stupeo.—'You contradict yourself,' said Frederick; 'I'll prove that philosophy——'

'You may prove the devil,' said Stupeo, 'if you will, but you shan't overturn my argument, which is founded on the broad basis of truth and universal man.'

'What,

'What, will you have eatee maſſes?' ſaid Mungo:—and the three great philoſophers aroſe to provide themſelves breakfaſt from a neighbouring brook, where they gathered ſome herbs.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VAGABONDS ARRIVE AT A PERFECT REPUBLIC ON THE PRINCIPLES OF EQUALITY AND POLITICAL JUSTICE.

OUR troop of philosophical vagabonds set out, they knew not whither, and had not gone far before they found, exposed beneath a tree, an Indian child, puny, weak, and almost expiring.

'Behold!' cried Alogos, 'the humanity of savages! this, I suppose, is

parental care. This poor wretch is so ill-formed, that it will take too much trouble to rear; and savages have too many wants to supply, and are too ignorant of physic to encumber themselves with a sickly infant.'

'It is a glorious practice,' exclaimed Stupeo; 'and shews them to be, in fact, more humane than ourselves. Of what value is life with an unhealthy or deformed person? We are, in such a case, a burden to ourselves and to others.'

'But how many great heroes and philosophers have had very little persons,' said Doctor Alogos. 'I do not apprehend the human mind to be in admeasurement to the prowess of the body—so far from it, that men of brilliant genius, have most frequently been of weak constitutions; the hardy and robust being too full of animal spirits

to

to be contented with ſpeculations, and why may we not find, in this very cuſtom, the reaſon that Indians remain in a ſtationary ſtate, as they deprive themſelves of theſe perſons of intellect?'

'It explains to me,' ſaid Frederick, 'what I had attributed to their manner of life and want of luxuries. It is eaſy to have none but people of ſtrength and vigour, if all that are otherwiſe be deſtroyed in infancy.'

'Experience,' replied Alogos, with a deep ſigh, 'is the beſt ſchool, but the miſchief is, that thoſe who are yet well will not take warning by example, till they ſuffer themſelves.'

For forty days they continued to wander, more than once encountering a few ſtraggling Indians, who attempted to convince them, that in a ſtate of nature,

nature, *force* was the only law, and paſſion the only ſtandard of right. They came at length to a great chain of mountains, extremely barren, and placed in ſuch confuſion, that they appeared ſcattered by the hand of tempeſt.

They had continued their journey, merely from the reſtleſs ſpirit of rambling, and the dread they felt of returning to their delightful farm of Clarens. They now debated whether they ſhould climb the ſummit, or take ſome other route; but the expectation of beholding an entire new country, invited them to labour at the ſteep. They were by this time ſo accuſtomed to hardſhip, that a trifle could not intimidate them, and in three days they gained the elevation of the mountains.

They gazed upon the proſpect beneath them, which was much ſuperior to their expectation. A fine level country,

country, interſperſed with gentle ſwellings, and interſected with limpid ſtreams, watering extenſive groves, preſented itſelf. Amongſt the groves appeared high ſpires and lofty domes, evidently the workmanſhip of ingenious artiſts.

The philoſophers were enraptured, and wearied themſelves in conjectures of what region they could be advanced to. They waited impatiently for the morning, when they began to unravel the mazes which wound down from the mountains, and it was the enſuing day before they reached the baſe.

They then refreſhed themſelves with ſome fine fruit, which ſeemed to grow neglected, and proceeded forward towards the great piles of buildings which they had ſeen from far. They overtook a man who was ſlowly walking, with his eyes bent upon the ground,

as

as if in deep ſtudy, and totally naked. Our philoſophers were therefore not put out of countenance by their own ragged appearance.

Doctor Alogos accoſted him in various languages, but without being underſtood, when the man inquired in Hebrew what they were, and how they came into that country.—'Why do you walk naked?' ſaid the Doctor.

'Becauſe we have nobody to make clothes.'—'How do you employ yourſelves?'—'I am ſtudying the public good.'

'Studying the public good!' repeated the Doctor: 'you are then a legiſlator of the country?'—'No, I am a private individual; but it is the place of every man to ſtudy to promote the public good.'

Having

Having paſſed this politician, who ſeemed unwilling to ſpeak much, our vagabonds diſputed with themſelves on the nature of the country, which they thought very ſtrange, eſpecially as they met ſeveral perſons employed ſtudying the public good. A man ſtriking a tree ſometimes with his fiſt, and then with his head, induced the Doctor to inquire the meaning of ſo ſingular an action.—'What are you doing?' ſaid the Doctor.—'I am endeavouring to drive this *idea* out of my path.'—'That is not an idea,' ſaid the Doctor, 'that's a reality.'—'All things are ideas,' replied the man: 'every thing which appears to exiſt, is merely an idea; we cannot prove that there is reality, body, ſubſtance, extenſion, or any ſuch quality.'

'Very good,' ſaid the Doctor: 'I fancy before you have beat that idea in form of a tree, out of your way,

you

you will have an idea of a fractured ſkull *.'

As they advanced along the high road, the hedges of which were fallen into decay, they overtook a troop of people, who were moving a tree by means of a machine; the greater part ſtood idle, while five or ſix furthered the work. Doctor Alogos enquired of the neareſt what was the name of the country. The man pauſed for ſome time, at length replied, 'I do not think it for the public good to anſwer you—I will reflect upon it.'—While he ſtood reflecting, he was called by his comrades;—the firſt gang of labourers retiring for another to take their places.

* It is aſtoniſhing how ridiculous and even irrational the new doctrines appear, when taken from the page of metaphyſics, and contraſted with practice.

The

The travellers proceeded onwards towards the great city. They perceived ſome builders repairing an houſe, which, from its ſingular conſtruction, engaged their attention. While they ſtood admiring, all the labourers gave over work. A man, who was half-way up a ladder, fixed his burden on an hook, which ſeemed there on purpoſe. Some men winding up a crane, fixed the pulley upon a catch, and left the beam hanging in the air. The whole party ſauntered away different ways, and a new ſet advancing, began to labour. The travellers reflected on this incident, remaining ſtationary for ſome time. In half an hour this new ſet of builders retired like the former, and another troop advanced.

'This is a curious mode of building,' ſaid the Doctor.—'It ſeems an equal diviſion of labour,' ſaid Stupeo; 'I dare

dare ſay we are arrived at laſt in a country of philoſophers.'

'But at this rate an houſe will not be finiſhed in ten years:—the public good does not ſeem much promoted by this means.'

They proceeded on, and ſaw on one ſide of the road a ſmith's ſhop. They pauſed to ſee if labour was here equally divided. Some iron in the fire was heated to a proper heat, taken out, and laid upon the anvil, when the man who was working left it there and marched away. Another took his place, but the welding heat was loſt, and the iron was returned again to the fire.

A man drew near them in deep thought, and the Doctor ventured to inquire the ſubject of his reflection.—'I am debating,' replied he, 'whether it will be moſt to the public good, that I ſhould

ſhould help half an hour at getting in the harveſt, or labour half an hour at building the new granary; I have ſpent all the morning in conſidering, and cannot determine.'

'Then it is neceſſary to do one?'—'Yes, it has been proved in a volumnious book of political juſtice; that, in the old ſyſtem of things, the labour which was performed by a certain number of the lower people, could be done in half an hour's labour, for each individual per diem*. But I don't know how it is, ſince we are all equal, and all labourers, and all ſtudying the public good, our country is going rapidly to decay. An houſe that uſed to be built in threee months, is not now done in as many years; and as to works of genius, it was found utterly impoſ-

* Godwin's Political Juſtice, 8vo. edition, chap. VI. alſo Enquirer, page 163.

ſible

ſible for different ſets of workmen to paint a picture, write a book, or finiſh a device.'

'At leaſt,' obſerved the Doctor, 'you might provide yourſelves clothes.'

'We do manufacture ſome coarſe canvaſs, but it is a matter of prodigious difficulty, for no man will work more than half an hour; and the hands wanted from the ſowing of the ſeed, till it is finiſhed in the web and faſhioned to the body, is aſtoniſhing, for it is ſtrange how ſtupid the people grow ſince one man knows every thing,'

'That is an excellent remark,' ſaid the Doctor: 'more good is produced in ſociety, by the diverſity of genius, than if each individual were endowed with a ſmall but equal proportion.'

A ſtately perſonage, with a ſmall piece of

of coarſe canvaſs round his waiſt, advanced, and ſeeing the travellers, courteouſly inquired whence they came, and whither they were going.

'We have a curioſity,' ſaid the Doctor, 'to viſit that great city which riſes before us—we are ſtrangers, and not a little ſurpriſed at the cuſtoms of your country.'

'You ſee then,' ſaid the ſtranger, whoſe name was Parecho, 'the utmoſt limits of human perfection: you ſee a people who had arrived at the height in various arts and ſciences, ſo much ſo, that ſcarcely a peaſant who laboured in the field, but could read the divine books of our anceſtors: we were ſurrounded with mountains, which prevented the invaſions of an hoſtile foe, but ſtill we were not happy. It was thought that the rich lived in voluptuous idleneſs on the labours of the poor,

poor, and that we ſhould never be happy till the moſt perfect equality was eſtabliſhed.

'It would be endleſs to enumerate the devices of a ſet of madmen and knaves, who ſtunned the peoples' ears perpetually with ſyſtems ſo impracticable, that mankind muſt have been re-modelled to ſuit them; and indeed ſeveral treatiſes were written, and ſeveral experiments tried to change the very conſtitution of the human nature. It was proved that no man could die if fear and *prejudice* had not prepared his mind for death; and conſequently it followed, that to diveſt our minds of this prejudice was to become immortal.

'It was proved clearly, by ſome ſyſtemiſers, that the people ought, without exemption, to have a right of voting and ſending delegates to our Council of the Elders, and that new repreſenta-

tives ſhould be choſen every year. Not to ſay any thing of the riots, debauchery, and exceſs, which diſgraced the whole nation at thoſe periods, it was ſoon found that ſcarce any man of real worth and learning was returned to the Council. Thoſe who were moſt extravagant, and could tickle the rude humours of a mob, were choſen repreſentatives. The lower orders likewiſe took pleaſure in ſending ſome of their own claſs, and perſons of the meaneſt deſcription were elected in a drunken frolic. Theſe repreſentatives would, however, have been cyphers, if any proportion had been preſerved, and would very ably have repreſented their conſtituents: — but the great miſchief aroſe from the middle claſs of ſociety, who, in point of numbers were nearly equal, and in point of influence more than equal; for, if a man had any domeſtics or journeymen, theſe were neceſſitated to vote with their maſter, and

then

then maſters were univerſally influenced by the powers of oratory. Any man who could rant and declaim was certain of their ſupport, and our great Council became like the forum of the ancients, where a demagogue could work the people into paſſion, and lead them to any prepoſterous ſcheme he fancied.

'The influence of the crown was ſoon overturned: — the people were deluded with the oſtenſible proſpect of liberty, which none of them could deſcribe; and their leaders throwing off the maſk, a civil war enſued, in which near a million of people periſhed. The royal family was deſtroyed; the ariſtocracy nearly annihilated, for the nobles adhered to the crown, from which their honours were derived; and the rich were compelled to divide their property, or were *proſcribed*, and the moſt

ſhocking exceſſes took place; during which, all men of any property were in danger of deſtruction *. Equality in every ſenſe of the word was to be eſtabliſhed,

* For the information of the reader, I will tranſcribe a picture of the domiciliary viſits at Paris, from Mr. Peltier's *Dernier*, Tableaux de Paris, printed in London. 'At ten o'clock at night groups of ſoldiers, placed at the angles of all the ſtreets, arreſted whoever was yet found ſtraying about.—Two hours had not yet been ſufficient for thoſe who ſought a place of ſecrecy and ſurety againſt the formidable inquiſition. The huſband fled from his wife, and the father from his children, whom he preſſed to his boſom, thinking it was for the laſt time. Every one thinks himſelf accuſed: every one fears that amongſt their viſitors will be found an enemy or a ſpy, or a ſervant who will diſcover his place of refuge. One flies to the moſt diſtant quarter of the city, here one is received, there one is repulſed, and the fatal moment which approaches doubles the inquietude and anxiety. Decency is in a degree violated by friendſhip:—here the brother ſhares the bed of his ſiſter, and there chaſtity and virtue implores an aſylum from vice; and many whoſe lives had been without a ſtain, ſeek ſecurity under

eſtabliſhed, and all laws, ſacred and civil, were abrogated. All things valuable and curious loſt their worth, becauſe there was no longer a market. If a man worked, or if he remained idle, food and raiment was all he had to expect; and genius in one hour ſeemed blaſted from the land.

'No man would work for his neighbours, becauſe the reward deſtroyed the juſt balance of equality. It was found that no work could be done without having ſome ſubordinate claſs, like the Helots, who did the drudgery of the Spartans. This in our country not being practicable, and the women having declared themſelves no longer dependents on the men, but equal in every point, it was reſolved to ſubject

under the curtains of proſtitution. Every where perſons and property are concealed, every where the interrupted ſounds of the muffled hammer are heard ſtriking with a ſlow and fearful ſtroke.'

them by force to the labour necessary for providing food, raiment, and shelter for the community, while the men should be employed studying the public good.

'The female sex soon drooped under this usage, and entreated to be reinstated in the ancient slavery, for they found the rough employments not only spoil their features, and render them objects of indifference, but they were incapable of building houses, and other laborious exertions. The whole labour of the nation was now at a stand, till a prodigious great philosopher observed, that were all men necessitated to work, the labour would scarcely be felt by any.

'It was computed, that under the old regime, one twentieth of the people had been employed in agriculture. If then this were divided, it would amount

to

to half an hour a day: no one would ſhrink from this — nothing could be fairer — but, how was this to be enforced? For it had been proved by this ſame great man, in a very elaborate and verboſe book of political juſtice, that *no people could repreſent or be repreſented**; that no man could give his vote away by delegation, and the people believed him.'

'I have no doubt of it,' ſaid Doctor Alogos. 'My companions are very great philoſophers, and made me believe wonderful impractibilities.'

'Well,' continued Parecho, 'anarchy and maſſacre would have been the conſequence, if a few men had not ſeized themſelves the helm of buſineſs, and declared themſelves cenſors general.

* What will the advocates for a repreſentative government ſay to this doctrine of Mr. Godwin?

ral. This was by no means difficult, for they had only to talk more about the public good, and profeſs principles more hyperbolical than the philoſophers, to lead the people any way.'

'It might naturally have been ſuppoſed, that genius would have rouſed itſelf from the torpor of an equality with dulneſs; but there remained no ſtimulant, no man being allowed to enjoy greater conveniencies or luxuries than another, and therefore labours of ingenuity loſt their reward. Every ſpecies of trade was cruſhed at once, becauſe it is the nature of *trade to amaſs*, and the nature of *equality to deſtroy*.'

'Our metropolis, to which we are advancing, is daily ſinking into decay. Nothing new is projected—all our arts are falling into oblivion, as children are

not

not allowed to employ their attention on any one thing in particular, but to be provided at five-and-twenty, well regulated, active, and *prepared* to learn*; thus while they pretend to learn every thing, they learn nothing, for the human mind is of narrow extent, and the next generation will be within a shade of actual savagism.'

During this discourse they had reached the precincts of a large and venerable city, but evidently under a rapid decay. The most disgusting filth covered the streets, emitting a shocking and mephetic vapour. The people were all naked, marked with extreme dejection, and half the houses were shut up †.

'What

* Godwin's Enquirer, page 5.

† The reader is referred to Dr. Meyer's *Fragmens sur Paris*, translated into French by Dumourier, where

'What is the reaſon of this?' ſaid the Doctor; 'we generally impute the decreaſe of population to the pernicious effects of ſedentary and mechanical employ.'

'It is diſeaſe,' replied Parecho: 'our phyſicians have forgot their ſkill, and no new ſtudents can be reared from the want of oſtenſible reward, and ſome diſtinction to talent.'

'But common humanity, one would ſuppoſe, ſhould ſtimulate them to promote the public good,' ſaid the Doctor.

'Very likely,' anſwered Parecho,' 'but common humanity will not teach men ſkill, there muſt be a laborious

where he will find a true but wretched deſcription of a country labouring under the practice of the new philoſophy.

exertion of mind, and that cannot be the caſe when we have ſo many other demands, and the man of genius is loſt in the promiſcuous crowd. We were told indeed that genius was to be the only claim to diſtinction; but it was ſoon found, that where all was equal, there could be no diſtinction, and genious had no means of expanding.'

'I begin to think,' ſaid the Doctor, 'that at leaſt there muſt be two orders in ſociety, thoſe who project, and thoſe who execute; for no man will project when he muſt execute himſelf, and where no reward is to be gained ſuperior to food and raiment.'

'But if you allow rewards,' ſaid Parecho, 'equality is ſapped to the foundation; you introduce luxury, and property riſes to its old ſtandard. Beſide, how many fools would ſhare it

with the men of genius, without any merit of their own.'

'Surely,' replied Alogos, 'have I not a right to do what I will with the wealth I have honeſtly acquired? May not the chief ſtimulus to my actions have been this very privilege of rendering a fooliſh thick-brained ſon my heir? — It ſtrikes me that your preſent ſyſtem cannot poſſibly continue—your people will not be ſufficient to the taſk of gathering in a pentiful harveſt.'

'Indolence in the extreme,' replied Parecho, 'poſſeſſes every man, ſo much ſo, that the very cares of connubial affection are become burthenſome, and I have actually heard a man debate with his wife, whether half an hour was not too much labour for the human œconomy.'

'My

'My companions,' ſaid the Doctor, 'are two very great philoſophers, and not quite ſo ſublime in their ideas.—Their ſyſtem of equality goes to a right of poſſeſſing any of the ſex, and I dare ſay they will not object to the cuſtom of your country, in labouring half an hour for the public good.'

By this time they arrived in a great ſquare, it was about noon, and our travellers began to be hungry at ſight of ſome large piles of loaves, cakes, and fruits.—'We do not eat in common,' ſaid Parecho, 'becauſe we are not obliged to be hungry at the ſame time, but each comes to this repoſitory, and takes what he wants.'

'Some may eat double to others,' obſerved the Doctor; 'how do you manage that?'

'At firſt there were many debates, but

but it being urged that the labour of all being equal, those who eat little could not be injured, as they could do nothing with their superfluous earnings.'

'It's very singular,' said Stupeo,' (the Doctor interpreting) 'that such an admirable institution should have such a strange effect. Is your government patriarchial, monarchial, tyrannical, aristocratical, oligarchial, or republican?'

'It is republican,' replied Parecho. —'Then I will maintain,' said Stupeo, 'that it is the best possible form; every thing is for and by the people themselves, and they are not taxed to provide for others.'

'Taxes,' replied Parecho, 'if within moderation, and not sent out of the country, are like the returning moisture of

of the dews. Titles, wealth, and honours, are incentives to exertion, like prizes amongſt ſchool-boys;—and, to ſpeak a truth, the maſs of mankind are only grown-up children.'

'And why?' cried Stupeo, in triumph; 'becauſe they are held in profound ignorance.'

'I will maintain,' ſaid Frederick, 'that men are more happy ignorant than half learned: they will then follow the purſuits of real life, and are ſatisfied with the comforts within their reach. I am almoſt tired of ſpeculation.'

'It is true,' ſaid, Parecho, with a languid ſmile, 'that your greateſt ſticklers for freedom, if they ſee their folly, become as great champions for ſlavery, always in extremes. Under our former government,

government, which was a limited monarchy, we had every gradation in ſociety. It was obſerved, that the very rich, and the very poor ranks rarely produced great men. It was from the various ſhades of middle life theſe aroſe, and to judge of our real liberty, I will obſerve to you the general routine of property. A man of talents, in humble life, generally raiſed himſelf to independence; his ſon continuing his track, or purſuing his maxims, became rich; his grandſon claimed titles and honours, and blazed in the zenith of power; but his great grand-ſon generally ſquandered the eſtates, and the family again ſunk, to riſe after two or three generations.'

'That is exactly as it is in Great Britain,' ſaid Doctor Alogos.

'But truth,' cried Stupeo, 'is omnipotent. It is ſelf-demonſtrated that

that

that government which is inſtituted by and for the people, is for the benefit of the people, and equality * is as neceſſary to genuine liberty as air is to life.'

'But here,' ſaid the Doctor, 'is an example.'—'Examples have nothing to do with rational principles and metaphyſical arguments.'

'Do the people always prefer their own good?' inquired Parecho. 'Do they not cut each others throats to-day, for what they deſpiſe to-morrow? Are they ever conſtant to one point? Is it

* I know many of the new ſchool will ſay that I miſrepreſent the meaning of equality, that they do not mean equality of property, but equality of rights: the truth is, they mean *both*, though the faireſt pretence is held out, Are not titles and diſtinctions property? But that is not where they would ſtop, as every man of common intelligence knows.

poſſible

poſſible then that ſuch a maſs of contradiction ſhould govern itſelf? Look at this wretched half-peopled city, abandoned to idleneſs and vice, for it is neceſſary the human mind ſhould be employed, and when it is not in good, it is in evil. It is only indolence prevents this people cutting each others throats; as it is, there ſcarcely paſſes a day without ſome violent atrocity, and two or three ſuicides.'

'But is there no means to ſtimulate them to ſome great action? ſaid the Doctor; 'and again introducing ariſtocracy, for to me ariſtocracy appears the univerſal government; for, moſt certainly the ſelect poſſeſſors of the greateſt power and connection, govern the monarch by their ſtrength and advice, or the people by their influence and intrigues.'

'A govern-

'A government,' replied Parecho, 'to be invulnerable against the attacks of time, and for the benefit of every individual, must be like a pyramid, rising from a broad base to a point. The greatest portion of mankind will of necessity be mean; these are the base, and every advance higher is to the benefit of the class or structure, till we rise to a solitary point, which finishes the work. We may indeed make other forms of structure, but no one without a base: if it is all base, all equality, there can be no building, and of all buildings, the pyramidical is found to resist longest the destruction of the elements. Had Nature designed men to be equal, (in exception to all other productions,) she would have endowed them with equal stature, prowess, and intellect.'

Turning the corner of the street, they saw a man standing on a tub, declaiming to a concourse of naked people.—

'This,'

'This,' ſaid Parecho, 'is one of our philoſophers — we will hear him a moment.'

'Citizens!' ſaid the rhetorician,' 'let us never forget the glorious day of our emancipation from ſlavery, when a new area, a new epoch, ever to be celebrated in the annals of man, began; when a great people ſet aſide at once every ſpecies of government, allotted each individual his ſhare in the terreſtial globe, and ſet their feet upon the necks of trade and commerce. Theſe two monſters are happily ſtrangled, and exulting men heard their expiring groans. Now, citizens, no man labours for others, it is all for himſelf, and he may enjoy the fruits of it beneath his own vine, and under his own fig-tree. The ſun of ſcience has ariſen, and darkneſs flies before her to the borders of the univerſe. Where ſhall we ſtop? Who ſhall ſet bounds to our purſuits? Yes, you will wonder

wonder at the discoveries of intellect. This earth upon which we stand, is proved to be no bigger in reality than an apricot, so wonderful are the deceptions of our senses. What is matter composed of but particles *ad infinitum?* And these are united by attraction, so that attraction is, in fact, the only cause of bulk or extension. But, have we not magnifying glasses, which make an insect *appear* as big as a cart-horse? And what are our eyes but magnifying glasses, which so deceive us, that what we take for men six feet high, and forests rising to the clouds, are nothing more than imperceptible animals upon a peach, to whom the down appears in their eyes, large trees? Who after this will give credit to their senses? Who will not doubt every thing?—Citizens, I have an amazing improvement to offer your reflection—it requires your assistance, as the artist will not be able to complete

it

it in less than a thousand days, with six changes of twenty hands per day, which will only be one hundred and twenty, a number that will do little more than plant an acre of garlic. This grand invention is a plough, which will work by itself, ploughs three acres of ground in ten minutes, reaps it at the same time, and thrashes it out into bins. Thus, citizens, we see the effects of the human mind when untrammelled by tyrants, and thus shall mind overcome matter, insomuch, that I will venture to pronounce a solemn fact, that we shall shortly be able to make automatons, to do every act of labour the human species are now necessiated to perform.'

'Is it possible,' said the Doctor, 'the orator believes himself?'

'The people must be fools to believe him,'

him,' ſaid Frederick: 'he will perſuade them next that he will thraſh the corn before it grows.'

'And I ſhould not wonder if they gave him credit,' anſwered Parecho. 'This man was an apothecary before he commenced orator, but his eloquence gaining him applauſe, he left the rattle of the peſtle, for the clatter of his own tongue, and he is now ſo great a favourite, that any thing he utters is received with applauſe. Have you no men in your country who are heard with delight while they ſpeak nonſenſe?'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor mournfully, 'we have too many: I fear our country will one day be like yours, or even worſe, for my countrymen are of ſo reſtleſs a diſpoſition, that, were they equal to-day, like you citizens, tomorrow they would be plunged in anarchy.'

'I hope,'

'I hope,' ſaid Parecho, 'they will not quit the reality of felicity with ſome natural evils, for the ſhade with every poſſible ill.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII.

MORAL VIRTUES, THEORY AND PRACTICE —— STUPEO IS CONVINCED THERE ARE OTHER EXISTENCES BESIDES HIS OWN IDEAS, BY A TREMENDOUS PHENOMENON IN NATURE.

OUR philosophers were invited to the house of their guide, which had once been extremely magnificent, and yet bore the vestiges of fading grandeur; it contained some rich furniture, which time had not devoured, for as to any

thing new, it was impoſſible to be procured.

'What you ſee here,' ſaid Parecho, 'is only the fragments of what I once poſſeſſed—my whole property is divided, and of this houſe I only could claim two rooms, a chimney-ſweeper, and ſeveral other equally important perſonages poſſeſſing the others; but ſince the mortality in the city, I am allowed my whole houſe—I had a library of ancient Syriac and Egyptian manuſcripts, containing an account of the moſt early ages, together with thirteen thouſand modern productions. But theſe enlighteners of the human race, during their ſtruggle for liberty, and the promotion of general knowledge, being in want of caſes for their fire-powder and ball, condemned all the libraries to that purpoſe*.'

'How

* At Narbonne the books have been ſent to the arſenal; and at Fontaine le Dijon, the library of the

'How is it poſſible,' ſaid the Doctor, 'you ſhould be acquainted with gunpowder, which is a very modern invention, and only a few years introduced into America.'

Parecho ſmiled.—'My friend,' ſaid he, 'as our great anceſtor ſaid, there is nothing new under the ſun.—This art we learnt from a people of India, called Oxydracæ: Alexander the Great feared to march againſt this people, and

the Fuillants has been thrown aſide as waſte, in the hall of old papers. Horace and Virgil have been condemned not only for acknowledging tyrants, but for having been often printed for the uſe of tyrants, and by the permiſſion of tyrants. The *meridian circles* made by Butterfield, for the globes of Coronelli, and the *medals* which are at the national library, were calculated to amount to half a little cannon. At Lyons, Caſſenet threw into the crucible 800 antique medals of gold. Notes at the end of Playfair's Hiſtory, where the new philoſopher will find a catalogue of *glorious* exploits of a ſimilar nature.

pretended it was on account of religion, but had he paſſed the Hyphaſis, he might doubtleſs have made himſelf maſter of the country all round them; but their cities he could never have taken, though he had led a thouſand as brave as Achilles, or three thouſand ſuch as Ajax to the aſſault. For they came not into the field to fight thoſe who attacked them: but theſe holy men, beloved by the gods, overthrew their enemies with tempeſts, thunder-bolts, and lightening from the walls *.'

'It is very ſingular, indeed,' replied the Doctor, 'but by no means ſurpriſing: but pray of what race of people are you, ſince you ſeem acquainted with the old world?'

'We are part of the tribes of Abra-

* See this extraordinary paſſage in the life of Appollonius Tyananus, by Phyloſtratus, Lib. ii. Cap. 14.

ham,' ſaid Parecho; we croſſed the great deſerts of Tartary and China, travelling thoſe regions of deſolation and eternal ice which unite the Continents, and in about one hundred years wandering diſcovered this valley, where we were happy as it is poſſible for the tranſient and periſhable exiſtence of man to be.'

'Have you no religion?' inquired the Doctor.

'To-morrow,' anſwered their hoſt, you ſhall viſit our temple, it is ſabbath.'

The philoſophers retired to their room, where ſome clean ſtraw was laid upon the floor, the beds having been ſequeſtered for the public purpoſes.

'It muſt be owned,' ſaid Frederick,

'thefe people are a whimfical fet, and do not feem much better for their liberty.'

'This is a philofophical republic,' faid Alogos; 'the ancient republics were fighting republics;—the Americans and the Hollanders are trading republics, but men feemed neither better fatisfied, better governed, or better fed in any of them; nor in fact, do they enjoy fo many benefits as in a limited monarchy.'

'But I infift upon it,' faid Stupeo, 'monarchy is unnatural. It is one tyrant ufurping the privileges of the whole people, contrary to the facred majefty of the body politic.'

'But how came that body politic into being?' faid the Doctor. 'The roaming families of men,' replied the great politician,

politician, 'found the need of mutual affiſtance and defence, and they united into nations.'

'No;' replied the Doctor, 'you talk abſurd; it is contrary to the nature of man—Man is a rapacious animal, and is perpetually (if not curbed by laws and ſubordination) ſeeking objects of rapine and violence.—Let us look back to the origin of any people, to the remote annals of *heroic ages*, and we ſhall find an herd of robbers gathering together for the ſake of plunder. The boldeſt becomes their leader and chief; the weak tribes ſubmit and join them, till their power is irreſiſtable, and they found extenſive empires. Conqueſt is at firſt the only compact, and the people, little better than an herd of murderers directed by a chief. The ambition of this chief to excel in ſplendor, introduces luxury, and ſoftens the ferocious habits of his followers; the arts of peace

follow a court.—The fermentation subsides, or is let off by continual wars, while the peaceable remain at home, and this is the history of man in reality. To talk of a people assembling from the woods, and forming general laws and social compacts, is as absurd as it is false. In all established governments, the origin was the same, whether they were republican or monarchical; though, for a thousand reasons, a limited monarchy seems to me the best calculated for man, as diffusing the most general good, and, in fact, the greatest proportion of real freedom.'

'I am still convinced,' cried Stupeo, 'that a state of nature is the more eligible.—It signifies nothing that the human species may be multiplied in society. The happiness, and not the numbers of mankind is to be considered; and the greatest possible good would be, to let *one* family reside upon a thousand

acres,

acres, in the most perfect freedom and happiness, rather than have a family upon every acre, with the present consequences of society.'

'You talk strange contradictions,' said the Doctor.—'You are never consistent in your opinions: do you not know, that in society we must *barter* some privileges for a portion of *social happiness*.'

'But truth, eternal truth,' cried Stupeo, 'is——'

'What we have heard an hundred times,' said Frederick, 'in as many different definitions; for my part, I am disgusted with every thing.' These philosophers were here interrupted by the snoring of Mungo, who had quietly laid down upon the straw, untroubled with the nature of truth or metaphysical disquisitions; and the three great men

concluded, that ignorance was in ſome meaſure neceſſary to happineſs. The next morning, Parecho attended his gueſts to a large hall, where they found a great number of people ſitting upon benches; in the midſt of the hall was a ſquare platform, railed round, ſimilar to a ſmall ſtage. There was no ornament to fix the eye, nor any muſic to catch the ear, a profound ſilence remained.'

'Why,' ſaid Alogos to Parecho, 'is the place painted black.—Have you no prieſts—no muſic?'

'There was once very fine paintings,' ſaid Parecho, 'repreſenting the miracles in Egypt and the Wilderneſs, but it was feared by the philoſophers that theſe ſymbols would recal to mind the God of their fathers, which they wiſhed to expunge from the human ſoul.—We uſed to have fine muſic; but the muſicians could not be paid, and

and the whole art fell rapidly to decay, for who would or could attend to the acquirement of ſkill, when all their reward was a bare exiſtence. As to the old prieſts, they were deemed to have enſlaved the people, by darkening their minds with ſuperſtition, and indulging themſelves in licentiouſneſs; ſo that they were moſt of them deſtroyed, and the reſt mingled with the people.

A perſon now moved from the crowd, and mounting the ſtage, made an oration for half an hour upon morality, political juſtice, and the great book of Nature, where he aſſerted every thing was to be learnt that was worth knowing: he concluded with declaring againſt the power of revealed religion, to check the crimes of men, aſſerting, that morality was every thing, and the light of nature the real ſtandard of virtue.

The people then waited ſome time; and no one elſe coming forward, they diſperſed to walk in the fields, the day being an holiday.

Our philoſophers likewiſe quitted the city, following at a diſtance the orator, who had harangued about morality.—They entered a grove of trees where they ſat down, converſing on politics. A young woman was walking in the grove, to whom the moraliſt advanced, and ſeemed to preſs her to ſomething ſhe objected. He was proceeding to violence, when a young man ſprung upon him; they both fell to the ground, but the orator being the ſtrongeſt, roſe, and with a long knife ſtabbed the youth to the heart, and ran away.

'Horrid!' cried Doctor Alogos, 'is there no means of puniſhing the monſter?'

'This

'This man,' said Parenho indignantly, 'is a reformer of the people, and such the consequence of his doctrine. If you destroy in the minds of men the belief of an avenging and infinite Power, you give loose to every passion in the corrupted heart of man.—It is not possible to bring this wretch to justice, because *no individual* has the power of life and death, unless it is done in a private manner, by way of retaliation:—beside, it is contrary to political justice, that any *past* offence should be punished by coercion.'

'Very true,' said Stupeo, 'that I taught the people of England.—But he might be fined — no man, or body of men, can have a right to punish with death.'

'But how will you fine a man who has no property, and where all are equal—

and

and what could be done with the fine? You would ſoon deſtroy equality.'

'But you might impriſon him,' ſaid Frederick, 'to prevent his doing the ſame again.'

'Impoſſible,' replied Parecho.—'My dear Sir, hear the opinions of our great philoſophers. The body is perpetually changing — the ſoul of man becomes every moment a different being: ſo that were we to put this man in priſon, tomorrow we ſhould be confining a totally different being, wholly innocent of the crime.'

'Very good,' replied Doctor Alogos, 'the faſhionable Mr. Hume has made moſt of the *young* men converts to theſe very doctrines in my country. So that, notwithſtanding I can recollect a friend or a wife for twenty years back, they are

are not the ſame perſons. I and they are changed, transformed, and renewed, nobody knows how often: and Mr. Hume, who finiſhed the eſſays, was not the Mr. Hume who wrote the treatiſe on Human Nature. So Alexander the Great, who was the ſon of Philip of Macedon, was not the Alexander the Great who ſubdued Greece by his flatteries, nor him who overthrew the Perſians.'

'Such being the caſe,' ſaid Parecho, 'it is plain, that there can be no puniſhments without they are corporeal, nor any corporeal puniſhment without infringing political juſtice: you cannot reſtore the injury done to ſociety, by committing an outrage in the article of puniſhment.'

'Then crime may be done with impunity,' ſaid Doctor Alogos.

'What

'What a delightful country,' cried Stupeo. 'I will never quit it. The human mind is here in perfect freedom. At length, my dear Frederick, we have found the place where our principles are practicable, where truth and philosophy shines with beams of eradiating splendour, and the dignity of human nature is unsophisticated in its pursuits.'

'Would that I were once more in England with my dear Laura, if the children of nature have not murdered her,' said the Doctor, with a deep sigh.

Frederick knew not what to think; his senses frequently contradicted the profound Stupeo, and often led him to think his tutor in the wrong; but the philosophical disquisitions, the grand doctrines of the greatest good, and the

the elegant Romance of Political Justice, inclined him again to the new philosophy.

Our vagabonds returned to the city, when they became hungry. — Stupeo grumbled very much to find only coarse bread and fruits, with clear water. — 'Have you no fermented liquors,' said he, 'no spirits?'

'No,' answered Paredho: 'spirits could not be the universal drink, independent of the labour to procure them: they are, therefore, unallowable in a state of equality. At first, when they were distributed according to every one's pleasure, the streets were filled with drunkards. Nature never designed men to drink liquid fire.'

'At least,' said Frederick, 'I should think

think animal food would give variety to your table.'

'What,' replied Parecho, 'rear animals on purpoſe to deſtroy them. Nature never tells us any ſuch thing—we uſed formerly to have excellent oxen, but ſince labour has been equally divided, no body will undertake to breed them; and the ſpecies is become almoſt extinct; beſide, no one would take the unpleaſant office of butcher, where there was no reward.'

'Human life,' ſaid the Doctor, is not worth enjoying, when we thus limit our purſuits—the very peaſants in my country enjoy infinitely more advantages: and what does any government ſignify, if in reality men are not benefited, the intellects expanded, and their gratifications increaſed?'

'It

'It is a falſe taſte,' ſaid Stupeo, 'which has introduced animal food: and if we do indulge in it, why not eat it raw?—Nature, had ſhe intended we ſhould feed upon dreſſed diſhes, would have produced animals ready roaſted and boiled.'

'And why not,' ſaid Parecho, 'have loaves and cakes ready baked, grow upon ſtalks in the field: all this is a deviation from nature, and very abſurd in great philoſophers to follow. But ſeriouſly, what is this jargon about nature?—What is nature?'

'Why, nature,' anſwered Stupeo, 'is that which every man ſees with his eyes—it is viſible at firſt view to all underſtandings — it is the influence of rational principles impinging upon men, actions palpable to every comprehenſion: — It is derived from the ſingle letter N.—Take the Latin words

naſcor,

nascor, natus, natura, and the French né, for *born*, analyse them, and you will find that

Ascor being but a frequentive,
Atus a common idiomatic expression,
Atura the same,
é the same,

reduces all these words to the single letter N, which offers no sense; restore the eliptic syllable *ge*, cut off by the usual tendency of languages to contraction, or to euphony, you have GEN-ascor, GEN-atus, GEN-atura, GEN-é; in which *gen.* the radical of *genaratiue*, of *kind*, of *beginning*, and of hundreds more, gives a clear sense, and consequently are derived from Γενναω *: thus nature signifies beginning, or begetting, so that to act according to nature, is to begin, to beget, to produce, which is according to the light of reason and nature.'

* Etymological Dictionary.

' But

"But what is the light of nature?" cried Doctor Alogos:—"We know the genuine meaning of the word, but you apply to nature a *personality*: you make a mere *action* an *active being*; such are the consequences of applying terms, when the real meaning of the word is not understood; and thus we go to deny a Creator, and place in his stead not a power, not a being, but an absolute *action*, called a beginning or a begetting. Thus to express ourselves clearly, we should say, *The act of beginning* teaches us to prefer good for evil. The *act of beginning* has produced all things. Thus we should avoid the absurdity of confounding an act with the person of the actor, for even a new philosopher would startle, if, in place of saying man can be no longer happy than while he lives according to nature, we were to say—man can be no longer happy than while he lives according to the *act of beginning*. Let the worshippers of the

act

act of beginning, or nature, remember the advice of Mr. Lock, to be perfectly acquainted with the *meaning* of words they begin to dispute about, and not overthrow society with a cant jargon of equivocal expression. But we are now plunging into the profound and muddy abyss of metaphysics, and shall lose ourselves in the darkness.'

'How do you marry in this country of equality?' said Frederick: 'Is it a civil or religious ceremony?'

'It cannot well be called either,' replied Parecho. 'At the first establishment of equality, every man gave a full sway to his passions, and in one week there was scarcely a maid above fourteen. The labour of the females, as I informed you before, rendered them very indifferent objects to the young men, and it was judged a deviation from equality, that one man should have

have a pretty wife, and another an ordinary one. It was propoſed that all young people, arrived at the age of marriage, ſhould once a year aſſemble, and the *neareſt of ſtature* divided into parcels, each caſting lots for his partner:—they are then deemed married, and if they have children cannot be diſunited; but if they have not, they may, by mutual conſent, change every year, becauſe the number of the people are the ſtrength of the republic; thus we attempt to increaſe population, while we ſmother the principles of vitality.'

'Have you any mode of puniſhing adultery?' inquired Stupeo.

'No; the will of the ſex is free, and were it not a matter of policy, no man would marry.'

'That is as it ſhould be,' ſaid Stupeo:

peo: 'if the rich of the old world knew of this bleſſed ſpot, you would have no reaſon to complain of the decay of your people.'

'No graſs grows in our highways,' ſaid Parecho; 'licentiouſneſs and debauchery will never increaſe or improve the human ſpecies; the people muſt have a taſte for domeſtic enjoyments; a hope muſt be excited of reward for the rearing of an offſpring, or natural affection will do very little.'

'You ſhall go with me to England,' ſaid Doctor Alogos; 'you ſhall ſee there the remains of conjugal affection, and the virtues which ſtill linger in Europe; you ſhall tell the people the effects of this horrid and impracticable ſyſtem of equality.'

'Impoſſible,' ſaid Parecho; 'a man who

who is really a patriot, will not abandon his country when it is in danger. The hour may come when the people will awake, and they will need ſome one to direct their riſing hopes.'

'I will return,' cried the Doctor, 'that I may at leaſt ſet my example before them, and would to God they could ſee the precipice to which they are blindly ſtraying, and open their eyes to the private views and intereſts of thoſe miſcreants who are ſhaking the torch of ſedition in their face, while they ſeek only an opportunity of picking their pockets.'

Stupeo made a long oration againſt leaving the country, where the new philoſophy completely triumphed, proteſting if they had but a little brandy, he would prefer it to any ſpot on the earth; and Frederick, who was nearly

 aſhamed

aſhamed of his former opinions, conſented to follow the Doctor.

Having taken leave of Parecho, they returned by the way they came, not a little amuſed with thoſe naked philoſophers, who were ſtudying the public good, and working in ratio for the ſupport of equality.

'It ſeems to me,' ſaid the Doctor, 'that to ſtudy private good would be more advantageous: it is impoſſible the public good can be eſtabliſhed upon private evils.'

They clambered the rugged mountains with difficulty, deſcending again to the foreſts of America. The day was extremely ſultry, not a breath of air whiſpered amongſt the trees, and a ſtrong ſulphurous ſmell exhaled around them. A thick haze overſpread the

face of the heavens, through which the ſun appeared one moment purple, and the next violet.

'Oh horrible!' cried Stupeo: 'what do I ſee? The phenomenæ of nature are changing — the defolation of all things is at hand.'

'What defolation?' ſaid the Doctor calmly; 'are you frightened at your own ideas? or do you think this terene habitation will diſſolve? Do you believe in the revelations and prophecy?'

'Is this a moment to talk of ſuch things,' ſaid Stupeo, 'when an inſtant may ſwallow us alive into the gulph of hell? Do you not feel the ground tremble beneath you?'

'The ground tremble!' ſaid the Doctor; 'what, have you an idea in

your head of the ground being in convulſions?'

'An idea!' cried Stupeo; 'can any man in his ſenſes call this an idea? Look at the dreadful appearance of the ſun, and ſay if that's an idea: ſee how the trees bend—the earth moves like the waves of the ocean:—O God! what will become of us!'

At theſe words Stupeo caſt himſelf upon the ground, which was agitated by an earthquake, and exhibited a ſcene tremenduouſly grand. The mountains, over which they had juſt paſſed, ſplit with dreadful chaſms, tumbling fragments of rocks broke from their beds, and ruſhed into the plains, tearing all before them. The earth undulated like a moving lake—at the intervals of a few minutes, yawning with a frightful rent, and cloſing with a dreadful concuſſion;

cuſſion; a large ſavannah ſunk at a diſtance, and a body of water overwhelmed it for ever.

'Oh! omnipotent Being,' cried Doctor Alogos, falling on his knees, 'protect us from the ſurrounding ruin—if ſuch, O Preſerver of mankind, be the conſequence of ſome trifling diſorder in nature, what would this world be if governed alone by chance?—It depends upon thee for ever for its exiſtence, and, if thy power be withdrawn, every atom will diſunite, and the wind bear them like chaff through the regions of ſpace.'

'I acknowledge,' ſaid Frederick, his eye gazing upon the dun face of the heavens; 'I acknowledge there is a great and ETERNAL POWER. The phenomenæ of nature muſt convince us if we are not fools, but it is eaſy in a calm region, where the ſeaſons are ſcarcely

ruffled by a ſtorm, to doubt the exiſtence of a God, as men frequently doubt in their own minds, whether they ſhall die before they arrive at an hundred while health floats in their veins.'

'It is not ſufficient,' ſaid Doctor Algos, 'that we behold the wonders of nature, theſe can only inſpire our minds with the ſublime and the terrific; we muſt be taught firſt by revelation, the great truths of religion, and then ſhall we find a confirmation in every particle of matter.'

For half an hour the ſhocks of the earth continued, and the profoundeſt ſilence ſealed the lips of theſe philoſophers. Horror chilled their veins, and they expected that the hour of final vengeance was come, when the moſt High ſhould judge the world. By degrees the undulations became fainter; the ſtarting rocks remained in their beds, and

and the philoſophers found ſufficient courage to ſeat themſelves upon a fragment.

'At this moment,' ſaid Frederick, 'a ſolemn awe, a ſtrange ſenſation trembles through my frame—I feel that I am re-aſſured, and I do not fear this ſcene of deſolation:—I would at this moment that I could believe in the immortality of the ſoul; but we are told in the eighteenth century, that it is a modern invention of Chriſtianity.'

'Like many other falſehoods which are delivered dogmatically,' ſaid the Doctor; 'there are none greater than this. There is ſcarcely a nation or people under the heavens who have not believed in it, though ſome of their *ignorant young* men have pretended to ſet it aſide, merely becauſe it did not agree with the exceſs of their paſſions. Thoſe people we call heathens, in the

Elyſian fields, plainly teſtify their belief, which is as ancient as record can refer to.—Homer was no philoſopher of the eighteenth century—but we might go higher than Homer, we might travel to the ages immediately ſucceeding the deluge when the Noahchidæ ſettled in the Median mountains, when the Cuſhites hued out the mountains of Thebes into caverns, which exiſt to this day, an everlaſting memorial of that great devaſtation. In theſe caverns, ſafe, as they hoped, from another flood, and before they dared venture into the plains (where they built the city of Thebes) they invented the myſteries of hyrogliphics to convey the ſacred doctrines of their religion, which, doubtleſs they received by traditions prior to the deluge*. In theſe hyrogliphics the Thebaic beetle had principal part, and was the emblem of immortality for two

* Bruce's Travels.

reaſons:

reaſons: the firſt, becauſe, after the waters of the Nile ſubſide, and leave the mud behind; this inſect is the firſt which appears, and is thence emblematic of the reſurrection; and the ſecond, becauſe the beetle is the longeſt lived of any inſect known, far exceeding the age of man. From theſe people deſcended the Egyptians, the fathers of ſcience. A colony alſo ſpread eaſtward, and were the founders of the Hindoo nations, profeſſing the religion of Buddha or Boodh, who was the Hermes, or Mercury of the weſtern, and the Woden, Odin, or Gwoden of the northern world*. It is remarkable that all the primitive mythologies agree in every grand point, as the exiſtence of a great Supreme, the creation, the immortality of the ſoul, and future rewards and puniſhments. The Ἀρυιδαι

* See Maurice's very curious work of Indian Antiquities.

or Druids, who, according to Pliny, took their name from δρυς an oak, though inhabiting the regions of the North, yet agree in these points of religion with the people of the torrid zone. Were I to enter into the astonishing discussion, which, of itself must strike the mind with amazement, we should perceive that the first inhabitants of the earth had a pure religion, unmixed with fable, and that it is *time* which has introduced amongst them so many fictitious deities: but, to prove to you what I have said, I will repeat to you part of a passage relative to a future heaven, which is taken from the Icelandic, and was the tradition of the ancient Celtæ, Danes, Scytheans, &c. from whom the nations of Europe are descended.

Speaking of the destruction of the world:—*The fire consumes every thing, and the flame reaches up to heaven; but presently*

presently after, a new earth springs up from the bosom of the waves, adorned with green meadows; the fields there bring forth, without culture; calamities are there unknown; a palace is there raised more shining than the sun, all covered with gold: this is the place that the just inhabit, and enjoy delights for ever more. Then the powerful, the valiant, He who governs all things, comes forth from his lofty abodes to render divine justice—He pronounces decrees—He establishes the sacred destinies which shall endure for ever.*

'Such is the doctrine of those men we call heathens, whom we are told only invented deities through fear. But let us one moment now, when the earth ceases its concussions ask, if the point-blank assertion of the new philo-

* See this passage, amongst many very singular remains of antiquity, in Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

ſophers be true, when they tell us that the immortality of the ſoul cannot be traced from the Old Teſtament.'

'Prove that it can,' ſaid Stupeo;—'prove that, and I will believe any thing.'

'What do you ſay of Saul and the Witch of Endor?' ſaid the Doctor. 'The very identical ſpirit of Samuel was ſuppoſed to appear, which could not have been, if they believed the ſoul either a bundle of tranſient ideas with Hume, or mere matter. What do you ſay of charmers and dealers with familiar ſpirits? or in the Eccleſiaſtes, chap. 3, v. 21, where Solomon aſks, who knoweth the *ſpirit* of a *man* that goeth *upward*, and the *ſpirit* of a beaſt that goeth *downward* to the earth? But even more plain than all this, we read in the twelfth chapter of Daniel, *Many of them that ſleep in the duſt of the earth ſhall awake,*

awake, ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to ſhame, and everlaſting contempt.—In the 4th chapter of Job, he ſays, Then a *ſpirit* paſſed before my face, and the hair of my head ſtood up*.

'But why,' ſaid Stupeo, 'is not the Old Teſtament as full in this point as the New? And why did not Moſes' law declare future rewards and puniſhments?'

'The Old Teſtament,' anſwered the Doctor, 'contains only the civil code of the Jews, holding up to them a deity who held ſin in ſo much abhorrence, that its effects were entailed to the fourth generation. The ſublime doctrines of Chriſtianity were reſerved for a greater than Moſes to promulgate; though it was evident the Jews, as well

* The book of Job is reckoned one of the moſt ancient by canoniſts.

as

as other nations, believed the immortality of the ſoul.'

'Why,' ſaid Frederick, 'could you ever doubt, when you ſeem ſo capable of removing the doubts of others?'

'Becauſe,' anſwered Doctor Alogos, 'the human mind is charmed with novelty, and loſes ſolid reaſon in the glare of plauſible Hypotheſis. It requires reflection to perceive that the philoſophers of the preſent day are ſupremely ignorant, and to cover which, they pretend to deny and diſcredit every relic of antiquity, by which they would plunge the world again into ignorance. What are the dead languages is a common cry—they teach us nothing—we ſhould be ſtudying man: but, how pray are we to ſtudy man;—man, who is a creature of experience, when we deſtroy the experience of ages? I have actually heard a public character, a man of the literary

literary world maintain, that all the claſſics were mere forgeries of the fifth century, and that he did not believe there ever exiſted ſuch perſons as Homer, Demoſthenes, &c.'

The face of the ſky by degrees became ſerene, and the vagabonds bent their courſe by the altitude of the ſun. Stupeo ſupported his principles with more vehemence than ever, and ridiculing his late trepidation, he aſſerted that it was a mere accidental impulſion of the animal œconomy, ariſing from the action of the air in its perturbed ſtate, and had nothing in common with his rational faculties, and the grand principles of truth and reaſon, and univerſal man.

Frederick revolved in ſilence the words of Doctor Alogos—he ſhuddered at the remembrance of his former actions, and would have openly dere-

licted

licted from his profeſſions, had he not been aſhamed of the reproaches of Stupeo, who perpetually declaimed againſt that imbecility of mind, which, having once felt the force of reaſon, and the grand light of truth, returned again to ſuperſtition and ignorance.

To theſe taunts Doctor Alogos ſteadily replied, *that, to ſay he had changed his opinion, was only to ſay he was wiſer to day than he was yeſterday.*

CHAPTER IX.

STUPEO QUITS THE WORLD IN A BLAZING IDEA—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING, AND THE CONCLUSION OF WHAT IS NOT CONCLUDED.

DURING many days, these philosophers wandered in the woods, till their ammunition was expended, and their spirits exhausted.—They had no means of making a fire, and had for some time devoured all their game raw, to the no small prejudice of a state of nature—for even Stupeo himself allowed, that

that the idea of proviſions dreſſed, was better than the idea of them raw.—Their bodies were worn out with fatigue and want: and they were ſo miſerable, as to deſire death as a relief.

For three days they taſted nothing but water, and a few berries which grew wild.—Their cloaths were partly worn from their backs, and the remnants were animated with living multitudes:—a ſevere fever burnt in the veins of Frederick, and but for the ſteady encouragement of the Doctor, he would have ſunk by the way:—their beards were grown to a philoſophical length, and take them all in all, they appeared truly the vagabond children of nature.

In this forlorn condition, Stupeo uttered curſes with volubility, arraigning the conduct of Providence, if ſuch there really were.

Doctor

Doctor Alogos endeavoured to inſpire him with patience, obſerving, that Providence was not to blame, as themſelves had wilfully plunged into the wilderneſs in ſearch of an *ignus fatuus*.

When they were all nearly at the laſt exertion, they were overtaken by a tribe of Indians returning from an expedition againſt another tribe; and as they could make no defence, they became priſoners without a ſtruggle. Theſe men of nature having fed them with a paſte of pounded Indian corn, tied their hands behind them, and, notwithſtanding they were every moment at the point of fainting, urged them forward in a rapid march — poor Mungo fell down and expired, with the over-exertion; but his fate did not move with *falſe pity*, the callous boſoms of theſe children of nature.

Stupeo

Stupeo was almoſt diſtracted at his condition, though he obſtinately inſiſted, that pity was a falſe feeling of weakneſs in the human heart. Frederick now remembered, that Rouſſeau had ſaid, 'That *pity* was a natural ſentiment, which moderates in each individual the activity of ſelf-love, concurring to the mutual preſervation of all the ſpecies. So wonderfully do great philoſophers contradict each other in the grand affair of immutable truth.

On the following day they reached a little Indian village.—On ſetting up the war-hoop, a number of women and children came out to meet them, with ſcreams and yells, ſurpaſſing in variety and ſublimity of tone, a chorus of an hundred cats howling by moonlight.

'This is the muſic of a natural ear,' ſaid the Doctor—'but Stupeo was too much

much abſorbed in his execrations, to reply. Theſe great men were confined in a little hut, and had a plentiful repaſt of bruiſed Indian wheat and water.'—'After all,' ſaid Stupeo, 'theſe ſavages are better than men in civilized life: this hut or priſon is wholeſome and clean, we are not confined in a loathſome dungeon—the light of nature is always pure, and the actions of ſimple men cannot fail to be juſt. We only become monſters when we condemn each other to eternal flames for a bug-bear, or drag each other to ſtakes for the ſake of religion. I am more than ever a ſceptic: all exiſtence is to my eyes a farce, a folly, an idea. Pain, pleaſure, life, death, every thing is an idea, or Hume muſt be wrong.'

While he thus ſpoke to his ſilent companions, an hideous howl and continued

tinued roar of joy advanced towards them. It was night, and the Indians drew near, dancing in rude figures, with torches of pitch-pine, blazing in the air.

'These are very singular ideas,' said the Doctor; 'if your ideas and my perceptions are alike, we shall have a comfortable idea of roasting.'

'I maintain,' said Stupeo:—the door of the hut at that instant was opened, and several black children of reason dragged out the miserable philosopher, and bore him triumphantly to a green, in the centre of the village. There they fastened him to a stake, and sticking his body full of pine-knots, set fire to the whole, which consumed the miserable wretch with the most agonizing tortures, while the sons of nature danced around him, mocking his cries, and encouraging

couraging their children to dart at him little pointed arrows*.

Such was the termination of that enlightened great man, who, while he lived, endeavoured to kindle the world, and ſet ſociety in a flame,

* Note from Playfair's Hiſtory of Jacobiniſm, page 496. 'Amongſt theſe priſoners (*i. e.* 200 whom the new philoſophers murdered at the grand Chatelet) was a woman who formerly ſold flowers, and who in a fit of jealouſy, had mutilated her lover, one of the French guards, in a very barbarous and ſhameful manner. She had been condemned, but obtained a reſpite for ſome time.—The rage of the murderers was redoubled on ſeeing the woman who had thus murdered one of their companions:—ſhe was tied to a ſtake, her feet nailed to the ground, her breaſts cut off with a ſabre, and then tortured with lighted torches and pointed inſtruments, in a more cruel and brutal manner than it would be fit to deſcribe.'

The learned may infer that ſavages are much alike, all over the world.

but-

but expired himſelf in the midſt of a blaze.

'Alas!' cried Frederick, in extreme agitation, 'What is man? A being influenced by cruelty and rapine:—he is worſe than the ſavage hyena of the deſert, or the untamed tyger of the burning ſands. I ſee with bitter conviction, that coercion and laws are neceſſary to reſtrain the arm of deſtruction and violence: in the imperfect nature of all terrene exiſtences, no law can be made to deter the wicked, without being a reſtraint, or in ſome inſtances a grievance, to ſome who are innocent. I ſee that ſociety, with all its drawbacks, poſſeſſes the greateſt portion of real happineſs; and that half our miſeries we bring on ourſelves, by endeavouring to raiſe human nature ſuperior to itſelf.'

'I am

'I am afraid,' ſaid the Doctor, 'it will be our turn next. Theſe wretches are ignorant of the *laws of nations*; and they have not ſufficient *religion* to teach them the duties of man to man.'

Thus theſe two vagabonds, turncoats, unworthy the great name, or glorious martyrdom of the immortal Stupeo, who periſhed in the heat of his own ideas, bewailed the accident of a gentle roaſting.—But the Indians had no ſooner perfectly reduced the great philoſopher, metaphyſician, and politician to the idea of a few cinders, than they advanced to the cottage, and dragged out the two priſoners to renew their paſtime.

As they approached the ſtakes, they were buffetted on every ſide by ſevere blows from the delicate fiſts of the ladies, who, out of ſpite at the fair ſkin of the dirty, louſy, Frederick, bit and

pinched him with a very agreeable and ſportive air.—Indeed, if one might judge by their cries, they were even more delighted than the tender European ladies who crowd to ſee ſome poor wretches extended on a gibbet, or run ſcreaming to contemplate an houſe in flames; or, than the fair daughters of France, who danced the Carmagnole round the guillotine.

While they were tying theſe victims to the ſtake, and dancing round with their blazing torches, the report of a gun ſtruck them with conſternation, and a loud yell beſpoke their deſpair:—a ſecond fire which ſent a bullet whiſtling amongſt them, urged them to flight, and our heroes remained expoſed to whatever might enſue—a large fire gleamed on one ſide of them, by the light of which they perceived ſeveral perſons advancing, dreſſed in frocks, like American hunters.

They drew near with their rifles in their hands, and ſeemed to ſtart, with aſtoniſhment when they ſaw two white men naked, and covered with dirt.—'Whoever you are,' ſaid Frederick, in a doleful voice, 'have *pity* upon our ſituation, and releaſe us before theſe monſters return.'

'Who are you?' ſaid one of the ſtrangers, whoſe hat was adorned with a feather—'Surely, I am no ſtranger to your voice.'

'My name is Frederick Fenton.'

'Frederick Fenton!' exclaimed the ſtranger; 'O! eternal Providence, what myſteries involve us finite beings?—Haſt thou brought into the wilderneſs of America the man I had moſt reaſon to abhor, and made me the inſtrument of his preſervation.—Me, whom he ſo

cruelly injured in the perſon of my Amelia?'

'What,' cried Frederick, 'are you Vernon? Point your rifle at me, and finiſh at once the days of a miſcreant.'

'No,' replied Vernon: 'it is not for me to wreſt vengeance to myſelf; but how are you in this ſituation? *Gratitude* to your father makes me almoſt rejoice that I have ſaved his ſon.'

'Gratitude,' ſighed Frederick.—'Ah, Vernon! had I but felt it more early; had I liſtened to the common claims of nature and of ſociety, I might have been a worthy member.—But the new ſophiſticated jargon of philoſophy and impracticable liberty, had rendered me inſane. I have, however, been the pupil of experience, and have ſeen the aſhes of Stupeo ſcattered by the wind.'

'I will

'I will return to ſociety,' ſaid Vernon: 'it was the loſs of a woman which embittered it to me, and drove me a forlorn wanderer in theſe woods; where I have fortunately found another to ſupply her loſs, and lead me again into the world.—I fancy, Frederick, ſhe is not unknown to you; and if I may judge right, this is Doctor Alogos, her uncle.'

'Can it be,' cried the enraptured man, 'that my dear Laura yet lives—is it poſſible ſhe has eſcaped from theſe horrid ſavages?'

'She now, I hope, waits us at your plantation,' replied Vernon, 'where I left her to ſearch for you, in company with theſe my friends; though I confeſs with very little expectation of finding you.'

'Thou art too good: O Providence!' cried Alogos, ſhedding tears,

'what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'

'I am glad,' ſaid Frederick:—'I feel at this moment more ſatisfaction than I have felt for years—ſurely, there is ſomething in virtue not to be deſcribed—you will be happy Vernon, with Laura—ſhe is formed for you, and I rejoice that I did not ſucceed in debaſing her purity. I am tired with philoſophy; I deteſt politics; and I perceive, that, an *equality*, the moſt exact and perfect in reſpect of every moral and ſocial obligation, ſprings from *inequality* itſelf.'

'Have you heard lately from Europe,' inquired Doctor Alogos? 'Yes,' replied Vernon: 'I have news, that in Frederick's preſent ſentiments, will increaſe his ſatisfaction. His mother yet lives; ſhe recovered with much difficulty

ficulty from her wound—but ſhe mourns with her huſband the deviation of their ſon.'

'I will fly,' cried Frederick—'I will caſt myſelf at their feet, and implore them to pardon me.'

In leſs than a month, they arrived again in Kentucky, where they found population increaſing with the numerous emigrations, but unhappineſs and diſcontent prevailed: for though the grounds which were cultivated were productive, there was no channel for trade—and it ſignifies nothing to a farmer, that his harveſt is plentiful, if he has no market to meet his commodities.

Taxes increaſed, and every man was obliged to learn the military exerciſe, and keep in check the predatory Indians.

Doctor

Doctor Alogos remarked, that the people of America were equally dissatisfied with the people of England; and saw clearly, that no government would be universally approved, which was not to the exact model and interest of *every* private individual.

At Philadelphia he settled his accounts, and drew his money from the bank.—Laura gave her hand to Vernon; and Frederick could not but feel a wish, that he had some amiable maid to unite her destiny with his—and by mutual good offices, smooth the rugged road of life. He felt at that moment, that the endearing and tender smile of a modest woman, has more real pleasure than the most wanton blandishments of promiscuous intercourse.

The wind favoured their return to the land of genuine liberty, where there is not *one* man so obscure as not to possess

ſeſs a right, nor *one* man ſo high, as not to be ſubject to the laws.

Where the noble and the peaſant are upon *equality* in the *penal* code, and no man can ſuffer for his crimes, but with the conſent of twelve of his equals, —a right unknown to every government heretofore exiſting—a right which checks at once the arm of power, bribery, or malice.

Doctor Alogos threw himſelf upon the beach, while tears of pleaſure guſhed from his eyes. —' Happy, happy ſhores,' exclaimed he, ' How few comparative evils do you know. Unviſited by ſavage war—inſulated from a treacherous and rapacious foe—untainted by peſtilence, and at a diſtance from the climes, where earthquakes and tornados in one moment ſwallow up, or ſweep away the exertions of a century.—Thy lands are never parched with the beams of

of a torrid ſun, or gelid with the froſts of the polar circles: thou never feeleſt the blaze of perpetual day, or the ſtillneſs of conſtant twilight. Thy fields never fail in their produce, and half the world brings the tributes of commerce to thy ſhores—though the *ſmalleſt* nation on earth in local territory, thy ſituation and the valor of thy *genuine* children, renders thee impregnable. Nor is there a ſpot upon the univerſal globe, ſo favoured by Nature, and ſo bleſſed by Heaven.

May then thy fair face never be blaſted by the inſidious attacks of ſelf-intereſted and ignorant *empirics;* may the mania of impracticable political dreams be diſperſed by the ſurges of thy rocky ſhores; and may thy fair daughters know, that modeſty and maternal feelings are the chief ornaments of a celeſtial mind. Experience has qualified me to judge of learning, whoſe

reſearches

reſearches have taught me the paucity of the human mind; taught me, that in this age of reaſon, in the eighteenth century, I may exclaim with the learned and poliſhed Socrates—' *All that I know is, that I know nothing.*'

THE END.